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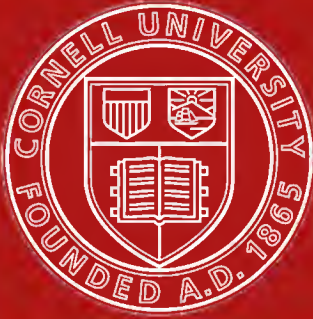
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**The University Press Shakespeare**



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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
IN FORTY VOLUMES

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*Editor's Autograph Edition*

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LIMITED TO TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SETS  
FOR SALE IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND  
OF WHICH THIS IS NUMBER *62*

*The Cambridge Text and the Globe Glossary are used in this edition through the courtesy of the Messrs. Macmillan.*

*The annotations at the foot of the page are intended to explain difficult phrases or allusions. Single words, which are no longer in common use, appear only in the glossary, which is printed in Volume XL. The numbering of the lines follows that of the Cambridge Edition.*

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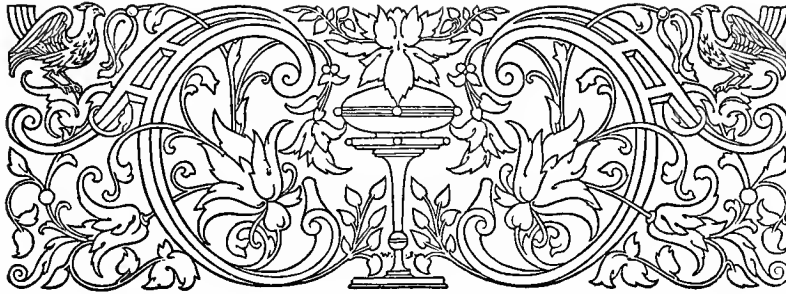












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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND  
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION  
BY SIDNEY LEE

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VOLUME VII

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY ALICE MEYNELL  
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE



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NEW YORK GEORGE D. SPROUL MCMVII

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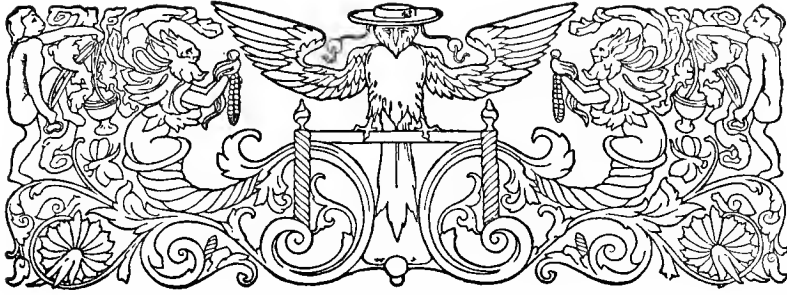
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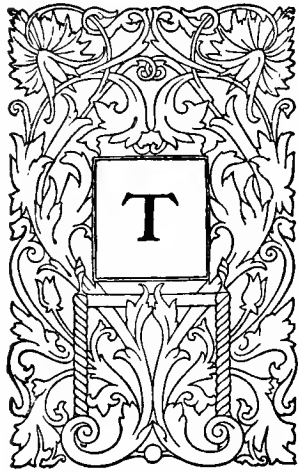
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## INTRODUCTION



**T**HERE are two plays within plays wherein Shakespeare commits extravagance: the "Hamlet" interlude and "The Taming of the Shrew." Needless to say, the inter-relation of the four plays is different; the inner play being a brief incident in the tragedy, and the outer play a mere incident in the comedy. But the inner play is in each case removed, set further than ordinary drama from the conditions of actual life, — the life of the audience seated at this table of double entertainment. Now, it seems evident that when he thus took two conventions, erected one proscenium within another, added fiction to fiction, lapped a play with a play, and proclaimed a second make-believe, Shakespeare took full advantage of this circumstance of art. He who knew the separa-

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

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tion of drama from life knew the added separation of a drama within a drama from life, and gave himself a fantastic permission to exceed, and not only to exceed but to ignore, to *glisser*, to evade, to refuse us the right to look as deep as we may look into single, ordinary and primary drama. Into the comedy of "The Taming of the Shrew" we may not look, we look *upon* it. Nor do we, if we are wise, ask for leave to do more. "*N'appuyons pas.*" If we wish to pause, let it be on the slight play which is the first and the immediate drama, — that is, the "Induction," the comedy of Christopher Sly. Here is something to linger over, here are a very few things, but rich ones; here is something human, something richly alive, and responsible to Nature. Through one proscaenium, through one convention, we look upon that life once removed from reality which is drama. The "Induction" is a very small play, but a play full of slightly scenic nature; "The Taming of the Shrew" itself is a long play, but a play vacant of nature. The Elizabethan dramatist took his ease in that inn of the stage, and took it the more whimsically in that stage-alcove, the inner scene whereon the Player King and the Player Queen, Petruchio and Katharine, act their parts. Fantastic, wilful, arbitrary, defiant, unchallengeable is "The Taming of the Shrew." Whatever pleasure we can take in this comedy is manifestly to be taken at a glance. To the Elizabethan audience the pleasure was not small; to us to-day it is not great. Such as it is, it must be taken with gaiety, without insistence, without exaction, and in haste. We must certainly not be either tender or stern;

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we must not incline to the pathos of mortal things. Not long ago an essayist found out pathos in Christopher Sly. Having looked close and sadly, and with a modern mind, to the tinker, he erected himself again, as it were, turned round, and told us it was this that he had discovered,—namely, pathos. It seems an undramatic quest and an importunate suggestion; a lapse of tact, and under the guise of more than common imagination, an utter defect of phantasy,—this fond curiosity and this soft heart of the modern writer. Yet if he must be moved; and if he must compel Shakespeare to serve him in his emotions; and if he will not keep them for his living brothers, but must spend them on the comic drama, why then at least let him have his way with Christopher Sly and the “Induction” only; let him stop there. Let him not intrude upon the inner play, and find the pathos of life in that gay interior where the light heart of drama takes sanctuary; let him not attribute pathos to Katharine, or study Petruchio, or make a symbol of the Pedant.

Nevertheless, this, or nearly this, is what he has in fact done—or rather she; for a woman, once well and honourably known for her Shakespearean studies, and in particular for a Concordance, did point the moral of Katharine and Bianca, making a story of the earlier girlhood of each, setting forth that once before had this shrew been tamed by a strong-handed boy,—Petruchio’s precursor; that this generous nature of woman did but wait for love and a master; and so forth. The thing is just worthy of mention because it may stand as a per-

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

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fect example of the kind of attention, the kind of sympathy, the seriousness, of which "The Taming of the Shrew" ought not to be the subject. Nay, it might be worth while to pretend to take such a commentary seriously for a while, in order to show the kind writer to what she would commit herself. Granting her, then, that the heroine of a tender story, a sentimental shrew honestly in need of love and a respectable master, is appropriately to be tamed by famine, cold, ignominy, insolence, and violence, to what end are these rigours practised in the play? To what end but to make of her a hypocrite—her husband the while happy to have her so? For a woman who feigns, under menace, to see a young maid where an old man stands, or a sun where the moon shines, is no other. Katharine does this for fear of the repetition of outrage—more famine, more cold, more contempt, at the hands of the strong man: the strong man of her girlish dreams, quotha! See to what a pass an earnest view of this play will bring us. But no need to confound the sentimentalist further with the monstrous morality—the merry drama. No, these sweet ways of feeling are out of place in the audience at the playing of "The Taming of the Shrew"; and as the audience, so must the readers be. The comedy is drama, and only by concomitance and only inasmuch as all composed language is literary, is it literature. And yet literature stands between it and life—nearer than life. Therefore neither to Katharine's past nor to her future have we to look, neither to her spirit nor to anything that can be called a woman's



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womanhood are we led by Shakespeare. She is not a woman of this world, she is a shrew of the inner stage. Let us look on her drama, not into it, and not through it. And in fact Shakespeare may have taken the convention of his comedy all the more easily because the Katharine played before him was not a woman. The squeaking Katharine who "boy'd her greatness" surely helped him to his irresponsibility. He had before him a romping youth, not a raging woman. In so far as this Katharine was a woman she was a grotesque and intolerable creature, to be overcome and broken by grotesque and intolerable means. This doubtless was the shrew of that society. She has vanished from ours. A shrew may scold, in our day, in the alleys of a town, but not in "Petruccio's house in the country"; not in the person of a beautiful, young, and well-taught woman. In Goldoni's comedies, of a century and a half later than Shakespeare's, there are still shrews. For a defect of dress, for a dowry, for a dispute with a mother-in-law, *rabbia* is the name of the lesser and earlier stages of a woman's anger, and *tutte le furie* of the greater and later. The men of those Venetian households, occupied with the choice of *paste* for the soup, and going in and out in the course of a long day on little affairs and bargainings, have for their principal preoccupation this tendency to *rabbia* and *tutte le furie* amongst the women—the ladies; let us give them the name that both Shakespeare and Goldoni give. It is to be noted that the Goldoni husband has no hope or expectation of a remedy; like Petruccio, he has no thought of appeal-

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

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ing to the reason or the conscience of the woman ; unlike Petruchio, he has no mind to quell her by force. Like Petruchio, again, he does her not so much honour as lies in a reproach ; to responsible humanity belong reproof, rebuke, remonstrance, or even dislike, even forgiveness, but not to a woman married into a family of Venice. The husband in Goldoni's comedies neither hates nor pardons the furies — he does no more than evade them. If the noise will but spend itself and the daughter-in-law and the mother-in-law return to their own apartments, pacified by promises, all is well for the time. The master-mind was never more tolerant or unmoved than in this master of a tempestuous household. He makes no comment, and generalises not at all. *Il ne fait que constater.* Sufficient for the day is the storm. After a reading of Goldoni, it might be worth while — for the love of Shakespeare, but hardly for the love of this play of his — to disentangle what is Italian from what is English. We have plenty of evidence of the currency of a popular play, "Taming of a Shrew," in England in the time of Shakespeare. Other parts of Shakespeare's play are derived remotely from the Italian of Ariosto, and, moreover, the author of the comedy of which Petruchio is hero had a small piece of Italian knowledge of which the author of the tragedy that has Hamlet for hero was ignorant, — the gender, that is, of the Italian name Battista, or, as the English plays have it, Baptista. Its final vowel gave it a feminine sound, and it is a woman's name in "Hamlet," but a man's, as it should be, in "The Taming of the Shrew." This dis-

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parity has of course been remarked by those who have not thought the play last named to be the work of Shakespeare ; but the incident is too slight to bear any such significance. Obviously, Shakespeare might forget his scholarship on the point of Italian Christian names, if, as seems to be the case, we must not suppose that he corrected it, because "Hamlet" was the later work. Whatever may be the conflict of expert opinion as to the entire authorship, on the external ground, the testimony of the play itself is surely that, although Shakespeare the manager borrowed his plot, the scenes are the writing of Shakespeare the dramatist. "The Taming of the Shrew" is authentically Shakespeare's to the reader. Circumstantial evidence apart, the Shakespearean who is in every man and woman of letters, English and American, will not hesitate to pronounce it veritably Shakespeare's, almost Shakespeare's worst (the "Induction" apart), but as certainly his as "Lear" itself ; yet will be willing to accept any well-accredited origin for the dramatic story — Italian lendings, or popular current English horse-play, or any other. The note of the time is no more manifest than the tone of the man of the time. Shakespeare's tone, even when it is hardly significant enough to be called Shakespeare's style, is assuredly to be recognised like a voice. The note is Elizabethan ; and the dramatists, the lyrists, the sonneteers sing it alike ; but who would doubt the tone of the driest couplet in one of Shakespeare's sonnets ? Hardly more can one doubt whose voice in literature it is that speaks a slight speech for Bianca or for Tranio. Tranio, by the

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

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way, is very Italian. That manner of man, who survived so buoyantly in the comedy of Molière, is evidently the Arlecchino, or Harlequin, of the primitive stage of Italy: the tricky and shifty spirit, the trusty rogue, the wonder-worker, the man in disguise, the Mercurial one. He is many times modified, and is exquisitely altered by the loss of his customary good luck, in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." For when Mercutio falls, there falls with him the gay but inhuman figure — falls, for English literature, perhaps finally. It lives, it takes a mortal wound at Tybalt's sword-point, it bleeds and dies. The primitive Italian tradition is, moreover, touched in another place, where Lucentio speaks to the smooth Bianca of her father, behind his back, as "the old Pantaloon." Baptista is very little of a Pantaleone; except inasmuch as he suffers deception, he is a person of sufficient dignity. And that he is subject to this deception is a token both of the Italian and of the Shakespearian humour. Of the two—the typical Italian primitive and the single Shakespeare—it may be suspected that it was Shakespeare who best loved a mystification; the word is not a good one in English, but we may quote it from the French to describe precisely the kind of jest. That Shakespeare took some Puckish pleasure in that jest we know. "The Comedy of Errors" bears witness to this, so does "Twelfth Night," so does "All's Well that Ends Well." Nay, a brief mystification comes to pass in the course of a tragedy; it hampers the urgency of some passage of passionate feeling; the moment, stretched with apprehension and dismay, is made to

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include a misunderstanding, such as that of Juliet and her nurse after the death of Tybalt. What Shakespeare manifestly loved was the error, but he loved it best in the form of mystification. The beguiling of Baptista by his daughter Bianca, the denying of Vincentio by his men, and the presentation of the Pedant in his place are perfect examples of that unjust pleasantry the sufferer whereof has no defence, for no wit nor wisdom nor wariness could avail him — he is entirely in the hands of a tormentor who has all the knowledge and all the advantage, and uses them for sport with delight, and without sparing, against the aged, the reverend, or the noble. It is true that the hero — son and lover — does not follow the jest to the utmost; that is left for Arlecchino, the merry rogue without a conscience. Whoever was Shakespeare's coadjutor — if he had one, and in some scenes in the part of Bianca it seems probable — Shakespeare in person took a sharp interest in this "coney-catching." To the greater number of modern spirits it is of so little interest, and so little to be loved, as to stand somewhat between them and their dramatist, — a difference involving the very substructure of humour. There is nothing for it but a reconciliation in the most humorous "Induction." And what is this but a mystification also? Although it is not perhaps the delusion of the tinker that so takes us, but his nature under all fortunes. We have Christopher Sly in common with Shakespeare, let his lord use him as he may. Careless Shakespeare, having carried his inner play to a jolly end, with a preposterous grave moral, sweeps the persons off their little sanctuary stage,

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

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and forgets to close up the outer comedy at all ; so that we know no more of the tinker, nor of his restoration to the ale-house on the heath and to his quarrel with the ale-wife. Or the conclusion is lost. But, as it stands, the inner play carries off the victory, and the "Induction" is forgotten. The tinker ceases in the illusion of the lord's house. He ceases and vanishes, and the dramatist does not stay to have the laugh finally against him. No one waits to see Christopher Sly himself again, or to hear him attempt an indignant Marian Hacket with the recital of his adventure. So that the last we hear from him is the restless sigh offered by the clown to the fancy of drama and mirth : " Comes there any more of it ? . . . 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady ; would 't were done."

A scientific inquiry into the evidence touching the authorship of the play in all its parts is not within the province of this short essay. But it does belong to the appreciation of the comedy, and it is in the competence of a student of verse, to dwell for a moment upon the metrical testimony to the identity of the author of " Love's Labour's Lost " and the author of " The Taming of the Shrew." Anapæsts (I speak of course of anapæsts as one may adapt the word to the use of English prosody) are rare in English literature before the eighteenth century made them its lighter favourites, and peculiarly its own, the expression of its dapper and commonplace gaiety and frolic, whether in the age of Anne or when Mrs. Thrale was rendering epigrams from the French. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries meddled little

## INTRODUCTION

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with this kind of verse. The iambic movement, the noble gait of English poetry, rarely interrupted by a brief shifting to the springing foot of the trochee, is, in all its composure and simplicity, the very pace of these two great centuries. Lyrical poetry goes by in procession, from the stanza of Surrey to the ode of Dryden, to that measure. The dramatist in this matter keeps step and time with the lyrist; the numbers are different, the foot is the same. And Shakespeare's rhymes in the plays are, habitually, iambic — heroic couplets. In "Love's Labour's Lost," however, occurs, among the varied short iambic rhymed verses, the altered rhythm of a rough and imperfect anapæstic verse: —

"My lips are no common, though several they be."  
"Belonging to whom?" "To my fortunes and me."

And in "The Taming of the Shrew" is this, with — in various places — two or three more couplets like it: —

"'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;  
And being the winner, God give you good night."

Nothing sounds stranger than such a movement in Shakespeare's verse, but the strangeness is common — with a quite evident identity of lax and careless rhythm — to the two plays.

After all, the value of this comedy is in the "Induction," and the value of the "Induction" is not only in its excellent humour, but in the external incidents — the direct allusion made here by Shakespeare to the daily landscape, the house, the householder of the Warwick-

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

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shire village known to him. Only in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and in the "Second Part of Henry IV" do we come thus near to the roads that Shakespeare walked, the heath he looked upon, the man and woman he watched brawling. "The Taming of the Shrew," if it be of earlier date than the two plays just named, has the first passages of this homely external intimacy, and Kit Sly brings us and the Past acquainted. We let the Shrew go by — the excuse for her story is that it passes ; but not so the Tinker.

ALICE MEYNELL.



**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ <sup>1</sup>

A Lord.  
 CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker. } Persons in the  
 Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants. } Induction.  
 BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.  
 VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.  
 LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.  
 PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.  
 GREMIO, }  
 HORTENSIO, } suitors to Bianca.  
 TRANIO, }  
 BIONDELLO, } servants to Lucentio.  
 GRUMIO, }  
 CURTIS, } servants to Petruchio.  
 A Pedant.  
 KATHARINA, the shrew, }  
 BIANCA, } daughters to Baptista.  
 Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE — *Padua, and Petruchio's country house*

<sup>1</sup> DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] This play was printed for the first time in the First Folio of 1623. The piece called *The Taming of A Shrew*, on which Shakespeare founded his work, was first published anonymously in 1594, and was reissued in 1596 and 1607. In the First Folio version of Shakespeare's play no list of "dramatis personæ" appears, and the only divisions noted are the following: "Actus primus, Scæna Prima," which stands at the head of the "Induction"; "Actus Tertia"; "Actus Quartus, Scena Prima"; and "Actus Quintus." Rowe, in his edition of 1709, first gave a preliminary list of characters. The accepted distribution into Acts and Scenes is due to Steevens.

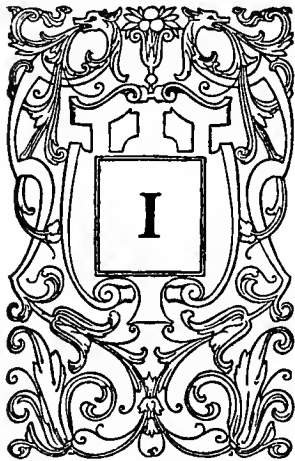


## INDUCTION — SCENE I

### BEFORE AN ALEHOUSE ON A HEATH

*Enter Hostess and SLY*

SLY



'LL PHEEZE YOU, IN  
faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you  
rogue!

SLY. Y'are a baggage: the  
Slys are no rogues; look in the  
chronicles; we came in with  
Richard Conqueror. Therefore  
paucas pallabris; let the world  
slide: sessa!

Host. You will not pay for  
the glasses you have burst?

SLY. No, not a denier. Go  
by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the  
thirdborough. [Exit. 10

<sup>5</sup> *paucas pallabris . . . sessa!*] "Paucas pallabris" is a corruption of  
the Spanish expression "pocas palabras," few words. It appears

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW INDUCTION

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SLY. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law : I'll not budge an inch, boy : let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]

*Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train*

LORD. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds :  
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd ;

---

again in *Much Ado*, III, v, 15, in the abbreviated form "palabras." "Let the world slide" or "Let the world slip" (Induction, ii, 140, *infra*) is a common phrase for "take things easy." Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, V, 2: "Will you go drink and *let the world slide*?" "Sessa!" reappears twice in *Lear*, III, iv, 99, and III, vi, 73; it seems a corruption of the Spanish "cessa," cease, give over, be quiet.

7 *Go by, Jeronimy*] The First Folio reads, *go by S. Ieronimie*. The ejaculation was a vulgar catchword drawn from the popular play by Thomas Kyd, *The Spanish Tragedie* . . . *With the pittiful death of old Hieronimo* (1594), III, xii, 31: "Hieronimo beware; go by, go by." The phrase constantly figures in Elizabethan drama, and implies impatience with anything disagreeable.

8 *go . . . warm thee*] Another vulgar ejaculation; it is repeated in *Lear*, III, iv, 47. The catch-phrase, which was very popular, was possibly suggested by another scene of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedie*, II, v, 1-12, where Hieronimo enters "in his shirt," and remarks, "What outcries pluck me from my naked bed And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear?"

9 *thirdborough*] This is Theobald's emendation (rendered necessary by Sly's retort) of the Folio reading, *Headborough*. Both words mean "constable." "Thirdborough" appears as "Tharborough" in *L. L. L.*, I, i, 185.

12-13 *let . . . kindly*] let him come, and welcome.

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.  
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good  
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

FIRST HUN. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; 20  
He cried upon it at the merest loss,  
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well and look unto them all:  
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

FIRST HUN. I will, my lord.

LORD. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth  
he breathe?

SEC. HUN. He breathes, my lord. Were he not  
warm'd with ale, 30  
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he  
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.  
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,  
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,  
A most delicious banquet by his bed,

---

18 *fault*] used here, much as in geology, for a breach in the continuity of the trail. "The cold *fault*" in *Venus and Adonis*, 694, is employed in the same way. "The coldest fault" is equivalent to "the dullest scent," l. 22, *infra*.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW INDUCTION

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And brave attendants near him when he wakes,  
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

FIRST HUN. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot  
choose. 40

SEC. HUN. It would seem strange unto him when he  
waked.

LORD. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.  
Then take him up and manage well the jest :  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber  
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :  
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters  
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :  
Procure me music ready when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;  
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight 50  
And with a low submissive reverence  
Say " What is it your honour will command ?"  
Let one attend him with a silver basin  
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers ;  
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,  
And say " Will't please your lordship cool your  
hands ?"

Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;  
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
And that his lady mourns at his disease : 60  
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic ;  
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,  
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.  
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs :

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If it be husbanded with modesty.

FIRST HUN. My lord, I warrant you we will play  
our part,  
As he shall think by our true diligence  
He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD. Take him up gently and to bed with him ; 70  
And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds :

[*Exit Servingman.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,  
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

*Re-enter Servingman*

How now ! who is it ?

SERV. An 't please your honour, players  
That offer service to your lordship.

LORD. Bid them come near.

*Enter Players*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS. We thank your honour.

LORD. Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

---

66 *If . . . modesty*] If it be not overdone, if it be dealt with in moderation.

75-76 *players . . . lordship*] Strolling companies of Elizabethan actors were in the habit of calling at great lords' houses and offering to perform in their presence. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, ii.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW INDUCTION

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A PLAYER. So please your lordship to accept our  
duty. 80

LORD. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,  
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son :  
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :  
I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part  
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A PLAYER. I think 't was Soto that your honour  
means.

LORD. 'T is very true : thou didst it excellent.  
Well, you are come to me in happy time ;  
The rather for I have some sport in hand  
Wherein your cunning can assist me much. 90  
There is a lord will hear you play to-night :  
But I am doubtful of your modesties ;  
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour, —  
For yet his honour never heard a play, —  
You break into some merry passion  
And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,  
If you should smile he grows impatient.

---

86 *A Player*] In the First Folio, and also in the old play of *A Shrew*, for "A Player" is substituted "Sincklo," the name of a well-known actor of the day, who is also introduced into the old editions of *2 Hen. IV*, V, iv, and *3 Hen. VI*, III, i, as well as into the Induction of Marston's *Malcontent*. "Soto" is doubtless a character in some unidentified Spanish or Italian play. The earliest English piece in which it is found is Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd* (1620?).

95 *merry passion*] burst of merriment. Cf. "The over-merry spleen," l. 135, *infra*.



SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

A PLAYER. Fear not, my lord : we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

LORD. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery, 100  
And give them friendly welcome every one :  
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

*[Exit one with the Players.]*

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,  
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :  
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber ;  
And call him "madam," do him obeisance.  
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,  
He bear himself with honourable action,  
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies 110  
Unto their lords, by them accomplished :  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do  
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,  
And say, "What is 't your honour will command,  
Wherein your lady and your humble wife  
May show her duty and make known her love ?"  
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,  
And with declining head into his bosom,  
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd  
To see her noble lord restored to health,  
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him 120  
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :  
And if the boy have not a woman's gift  
To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
An onion will do well for such a shift,  
Which in a napkin being close convey'd

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW INDUCTION

---

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.  
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst :  
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit a Servingman.*  
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,  
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman : 130  
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,  
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter  
When they do homage to this simple peasant.  
I 'll in to counsel them ; haply my presence  
May well abate the over-merry spleen  
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II—A BEDCHAMBER IN THE LORD'S HOUSE

*Enter aloft SLY, with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and Lord*

SLY. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

FIRST SERV. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup  
of sack ?

SEC. SERV. Will 't please your honour taste of these  
conserves ?

THIRD SERV. What raiment will your honour wear  
to-day ?

SLY. I am Christophero Sly ; call not me "honour"  
nor "lordship : " I ne'er drank sack in my life ; and if  
you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef :  
ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear ; for I have no

---

135 *over-merry spleen*] Cf. note on l. 95, *supra*.

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs,  
nor no more shoes than feet ; nay, sometime more feet  
than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the 10  
overleather.

LORD. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour !  
O, that a mighty man of such descent,  
Of such possessions and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit !

SLY. What, would you make me mad ? Am not I  
Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth  
a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a  
bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker ? Ask  
Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know 20  
me not : if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score  
for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Chris-  
tendom. What ! I am not bestraught : here's —

THIRD SERV. O, this it is that makes your lady  
mourn !

SEC. SERV. O, this is it that makes your servants  
droop !

---

17 *Burton-heath*] The village of Barton-on-the-heath, the home of  
Shakespeare's aunt, the wife of Edmund Lambert.

20 *Marian Hacket . . . Wincot*] Wincot, a small hamlet within four  
miles of Stratford-on-Avon, is in the parish of Quinton. There a  
family of Hackets is noticed in the parish registers. The Warwick-  
shire poet, Sir Aston Cokain, identified Wincot, as noticed by Sly,  
with Wilnecote (pronounced Wincot), a village in North Warwick-  
shire. Others identify it with Wilmcote, the native place of  
Shakespeare's mother, which is also popularly pronounced Wincot.  
But Shakespeare's reference is doubtless to Wincot in Quinton  
parish.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW INDUCTION

---

LORD. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your  
house,  
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.  
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,  
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams. 30  
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy beck.  
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [Music.  
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:  
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch  
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed  
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.  
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:  
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl. 40  
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will  
soar  
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?  
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.  
FIRST SERV. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds  
are as swift  
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.  
SEC. SERV. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch  
thee straight  
Adonis painted by a running brook,  
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,  
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath, 50  
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

LORD. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid  
And how she was beguiled and surprised,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

THIRD SERV. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny  
wood,  
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,  
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

LORD. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord :  
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful 60  
Than any woman in this waning age.

FIRST SERV. And till the tears that she hath shed  
for thee  
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world ;  
And yet she is inferior to none.

SLY. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?  
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?  
I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;  
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things :  
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed, 70  
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.  
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;  
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

SEC. SERV. Will't please your mightiness to wash  
your hands ?  
O, how we joy to see your wit restored !  
O, that once more you knew but what you are !  
These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;  
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW INDUCTION

---

SLY. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly nap.  
But did I never speak of all that time ? 80

FIRST SERV. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words :  
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door ;  
And rail upon the hostess of the house ;  
And say you would present her at the leet,  
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts :  
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

THIRD SERV. Why, sir, you know no house nor no  
such maid,  
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up, 90  
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece  
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimperlennell  
And twenty more such names and men as these  
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

SLY. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends !

ALL. Amen.

SLY. I thank thee : thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the Page as a lady, attended*

PAGE. How fares my noble lord ?

SLY. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.  
Where is my wife ? 100

PAGE. Here, noble lord : what is thy will with her ?

SLY. Are you my wife and will not call me husband ?  
My men should call me "lord" : I am your good-man.

86 *seal'd quarts*] quart pots certified by an official stamp.

91 *Greece*] Doubtless a misreading of Greet, a hamlet in Gloucestershire, not far from Stratford-on-Avon.

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

PAGE. My husband and my lord, my lord and  
          husband ;  
I am your wife in all obedience.  
SLY. I know it well. What must I call her ?  
LORD. Madam.  
SLY. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam ?  
LORD. "Madam" and nothing else: so lords call  
          ladies.  
SLY. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd      110  
And slept above some fifteen year or more.  
PAGE. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.  
SLY. 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her alone.  
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.  
PAGE. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you  
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;  
Or, if not so, until the sun be set :  
For your physicians have expressly charged,  
In peril to incur your former malady,              120  
That I should yet absent me from your bed :  
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.  
SLY. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so  
long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams  
again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and  
the blood.

*Enter a Messenger*

MESS. Your honour's players, hearing your amend-  
          ment,  
Are come to play a pleasant comedy ;

[ 15 ]

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW INDUCTION

---

For so your doctors hold it very meet,  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy : 130  
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

SLY. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty  
a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick ?

PAGE. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.

SLY. What, household stuff ?

PAGE. It is a kind of history.

SLY. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my  
side and let the world slip : we shall ne'er be younger. 140

---

*Flourish*

134 *comonty*] comedy. In the old play there figures a similar blunder  
"comoditie" (for "comedy").

140 *let the world slip*] Cf. note on Induction, i, 5, *supra*.



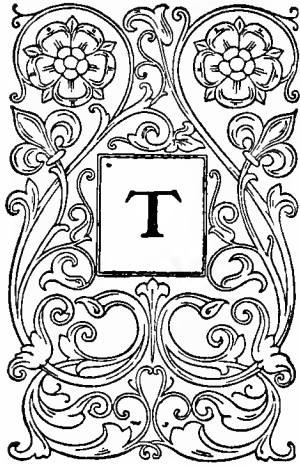


ACT FIRST — SCENE I — PADUA

A PUBLIC PLACE

*Enter* LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO

LUCENTIO



TRANIO, SINCE FOR THE  
great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of  
arts,  
I am arrived for fruitful Lom-  
bardy,  
The pleasant garden of great  
Italy;  
And by my father's love and  
leave am arm'd  
With his good will and thy  
good company,  
My trusty servant, well approved  
in all,

Here let us breathe and haply institute  
A course of learning and ingenious studies.  
Pisa renowned for grave citizens

10

10 *Pisa . . . citizens*] The line is repeated, IV, ii, 95, *infra*.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT I

---

Gave me my being and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffic through the world,  
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.  
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence  
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :  
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
Virtue and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply that treats of happiness  
By virtue specially to be achieved.  
Tell me thy mind ; for I have Pisa left  
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

20

TRA. *Mi perdonato*, gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself ;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray ;  
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured :  
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,  
And practise rhetoric in your common talk ;

30

---

32 *checks*] rebukes, reproofs. This is the original reading, which modern editors needlessly change to *ethics*.

34 *Balk*] The word literally means "separate," or "discriminate." Hence "balk logic" is equivalent to "argue or wrangle" after the manner of logicians.

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

Music and poesy use to quicken you ;  
The mathematics and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you ;  
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en :  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

LUC. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,  
We could at once put us in readiness,  
And take a lodging fit to entertain  
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.  
But stay a while : what company is this ?

TRA. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

*Enter* BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO.  
LUCENTIO and TRANIO *stand by*

BAP. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
For how I firmly am resolved you know ;  
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50  
Before I have a husband for the elder :  
If either of you both love Katharina,  
Because I know you well and love you well,  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GRE. [*Aside*] To cart her rather : she 's too rough for me.  
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

KATH. I pray you, sir, is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

---

47 *Gremio*] In a stage-direction of the Folios this character is here suggestively described as "Gremio a Pantelowne." Cf. III, i, 36, *infra*.

58 *stale*] commonly interpreted as "butt" or "laughing-stock." But

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT I

---

HOR. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates  
for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

KATH. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear :

I wis it is not half way to her heart ;  
But if it were, doubt not her care should be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool  
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

HOR. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us !

GRE. And me too, good Lord !

TRA. Husht, master ! here 's some good pastime  
toward :

That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

LUC. But in the other's silence do I see 70  
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio !

TRA. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.

BAP. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said, Bianca, get you in :  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATH. A pretty peat ! it is best  
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

BIAN. Sister, content you in my discontent. 80

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :  
My books and instruments shall be my company,  
On them to look and practise by myself.

---

it is sometimes used in the sense of "common harlot." A quibble  
on "stalemate" (in chess) is suggested.  
78 *peat*] archaic form of "pet," "darling."

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

LUC. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva  
speak.

HOR. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?  
Sorry am I that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

GRE. Why will you mew her up,  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAP. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved: 90  
Go in, Bianca: [Exit Bianca.]

And for I know she taketh most delight  
In music, instruments and poetry,  
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,  
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,  
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men  
I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing-up.  
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; 100  
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

KATH. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?  
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,  
I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? [Exit.]

GRE. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are  
so good, here's none will hold you. Their love is not so

---

85 *will . . . strange*] will you act so strangely, follow so strange a  
course?

106 *Their love*] The good will of Baptista and Bianca (towards  
us). The substitution of *Our* for the old reading *Their* seems  
unnecessary.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT I

great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father. 111

HOR. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

GRE. What's that, I pray?

HOR. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GRE. A husband! a devil.

HOR. I say, a husband. 120

GRE. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

HOR. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough. 127

GRE. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry

---

107 *we may blow our nails together*] we may twiddle our thumbs; we are out of it.

108 *our cake's dough*] a common proverbial phrase meaning "it is all up with us." The phrase is repeated, V, i, 125, *infra*.

111 *wish*] recommend. The word is twice used in the same sense, *infra*, I, ii, 58, 62.

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

with this condition, to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

HOR. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

GRE. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on. [*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.* 140

TRA. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible  
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUC. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible or likely;  
But see, while idly I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of love in idleness:  
And now in plainness do confess to thee,  
That art to me as secret and as dear  
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,  
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
If I achieve not this young modest girl. 150

---

129 *high-cross*] the cross usually found set up in the market place of a town.

135 *Happy man be his dole*] A common proverbial greeting equivalent to "good luck be with him." "Dole" means "lot" or "share."

136 *the ring*] the prize in a running match; a proverbial phrase.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT I

---

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ;  
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRA. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;  
Affection is not rated from the heart :  
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,  
“ Redime te captum quam queas minimo.”

LUC. Gramercies, lad, go forward ; this contents :  
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

TRA. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, 160  
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

LUC. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,  
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strond.

TRA. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not how her sister  
Began to scold and raise up such a storm  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

LUC. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move 170  
And with her breath she did perfume the air :  
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

TRA. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.  
I pray, awake, sir : if you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands :  
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd

---

155 *rated*] scolded, driven out by chiding.

157 “*Redime . . . minimo*”] “Yield thyself captive with the least possible resistance” ; a misquotation, from Lily's grammar, of a line in Terence, *Eunuch.*, I, i, 29, 30 : “*Quid agas, nisi ut te redimas captum quam queas minimo.*”

163 *daughter of Agenor*] Europa.



SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

That till the father rid his hands of her,  
 Master, your love must live a maid at home ;  
 And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
 Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

LUC. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he ! 180  
 But art thou not advised, he took some care  
 To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

TRA. Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 't is plotted.

LUC. I have it, Tranio.

TRA. Master, for my hand,  
 Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

LUC. Tell me thine first.

TRA. You will be schoolmaster  
 And undertake the teaching of the maid :  
 That's your device.

LUC. It is : may it be done ?

TRA. Not possible ; for who shall bear your part,  
 And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ; 190  
 Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,  
 Visit his countrymen and banquet them ?

LUC. Basta ; content thee, for I have it full.  
 We have not yet been seen in any house,  
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces  
 For man or master ; then it follows thus ;  
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
 Keep house and port and servants, as I should :  
 I will some other be ; some Florentine,  
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 200

193 *Basta*] "Enough ;" the word is both Spanish and Italian.

198 *port*] magnificence or pomp.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT I

---

'T is hatch'd and shall be so : Tranio, at once  
Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak :  
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

TRA. So had you need.  
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
And I am tied to be obedient,  
For so your father charged me at our parting ;  
“ Be serviceable to my son,” quoth he,  
Although I think 't was in another sense ;  
I am content to be Lucentio,  
Because so well I love Lucentio.

210

LUC. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :  
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.  
Here comes the rogue.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

Sirrah, where have you been ?

BION. Where have I been ! Nay, how now ! where  
are you ? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your  
clothes ? Or you stolen his ? or both ? pray, what 's the  
news ?

LUC. Sirrah, come hither : 't is no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his ;  
For in a quarrel since I came ashore

220

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

I kill'd a man and fear I was descried :  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my life :  
You understand me ?

BION. I, sir ! ne'er a whit.

LUC. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth : 230  
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

BION. The better for him : would I were so too !

TRA. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish  
after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.  
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise  
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of com-  
panies :

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;  
But in all places else your master Lucentio. 238

LUC. Tranio, let 's go : one thing more rests, that thy-  
self execute, to make one among these wooers : if thou  
ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and  
weighty. [*Exeunt.*]

*The presenters above speak*

FIRST SERV. My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the  
play.

SLY. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter,  
surely : comes there any more of it ?

PAGE. My lord, 't is but begun.

SLY. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam  
lady : would 't were done ! [*They sit and mark.*]

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT I

---

SCENE II — PADUA

BEFORE HORTENSIO'S HOUSE

*Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO*

PET. Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua, but of all  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio ; and I trow this is his house.  
Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

GRU. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there  
any man has rebused your worship ?

PET. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRU. Knock you here, sir ! why, sir, what am I, sir,  
that I should knock you here, sir ? 10

PET. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate  
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.

GRU. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should  
knock you first,  
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

PET. Will it not be ?

Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll ring it ;  
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

*[He wrings him by the ears.]*

GRU. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

PET. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain !

---

8 *knock me here*] knock for me here ; "me" is a redundant dative,  
which was common in Elizabethan English.

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

*Enter HORTENSIO*

HOR. How now! what's the matter? My old friend <sup>20</sup>  
Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you  
all at Verona?

PET. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?  
"Con tutto il core ben trovato," may I say.

HOR. "Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato  
signor mio Petrucio."

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

GRU. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.  
If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,  
look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, <sup>30</sup>  
sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, be-  
ing perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?  
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,  
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PET. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRU. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you  
not these words plain, "Sirrah, knock me here, rap me  
here, knock me well, and knock me soundly"? And <sup>40</sup>  
come you now with, "knocking at the gate"?

PET. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HOR. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:

---

<sup>32</sup> *two-and-thirty, a pip out*] Pip is a spot on playing cards. The allusion is to an old card game, called "bone ace," or "one and thirty;" see IV, ii, 57, *infra*. Cf. Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, II, ii: "[You] are *thirty-two* years old, which is a *pip out*."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT I

---

Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.  
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona ?

PET. Such wind as scatters young men through the  
world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows. But in a few, 50  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :  
Antonio, my father, is deceased ;  
And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may :  
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

HOR. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife ?  
Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel :  
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich, 60  
And very rich : but thou 'rt too much my friend,  
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

PET. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we  
Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou know  
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,

---

57 *come roundly* ] speak bluntly or outspokenly. Cf. *infra*, III, ii, 210,  
"take it on you so *roundly*," and IV, iv, 102, "I 'll *roundly* go about  
her."

67 *Florentius' love*] Gower in his *Confessio Amantis* tells the old story  
of the knight Florent or Florentius, who swore to marry a

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd  
 As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,  
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least, 70  
 Affection's edge in me, were she as rough  
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas :  
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;  
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRU. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his  
 mind is : why, give him gold enough and marry him to  
 a puppet or an aglet-baby ; or an old trot with ne'er a  
 tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as  
 two and fifty horses : why, nothing comes amiss, so  
 money comes withal. 80

HOR. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,  
 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
 With wealth enough and young and beauteous,  
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :  
 Her only fault, and that is faults enough,  
 Is that she is intolerable curst  
 And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure,

---

hideous hag in consideration of her giving him the answer to a  
 riddle, which he was pledged either to solve or to die. The "Wife  
 of Bath" tells the same story, though the knight is given no name,  
 in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

68 *As old as Sibyl*] Cf. "As old as Sibylla," *Merch. of Ven.*, I, ii, 119,  
 note.

79 *two and fifty horses*] The "fifty diseases of a horse" were proverbial.  
 Cf. *Yorkshire Tragedy*: "The fifty diseases stop thee." The  
 numeral in "two and fifty horses" strikes a characteristic note of  
 exaggeration.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT I

That, were my state far worsè than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold. 90

PET. Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not gold's effect :  
Tell me her father's name and 't is enough ;  
For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

HOR. Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman :  
Her name is Katharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PET. I know her father, though I know not her ;  
And he knew my deceased father well. 100  
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRU. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour  
lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do,  
she would think scolding would do little good upon him :  
she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so : why,  
that's nothing ; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-  
tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a  
little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure

102-103 *let me . . . encounter*] let me be so frank as to tell you that I  
shall abandon you at our first meeting.

109-110 *rope-tricks*] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iv, 141-142 : "What saucy  
merchant was this that was so full of his *ropery*," *i. e.* "roguery."

But the use of "figure (of speech)" in the next sentence suggests  
that Grumio is mispronouncing "rhetoric" when he employs the  
word "rope-tricks."

111 *figure*] a figure of speech. Perhaps there is a quibbling reference



SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see  
withal than a cat. You know him not, sir. 113

HOR. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee ;  
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;  
And her withholds from me and other more,  
Suitors to her and rivals in my love ;  
Supposing it a thing impossible, 120  
For those defects I have before rehearsed,  
That ever Katharina will be woo'd ;  
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,  
That none shall have access unto Bianca  
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

GRU. Katharine the curst !  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

HOR. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;  
And offer me disguised in sober robes  
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster 130  
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca ;  
That so I may, by this device, at least  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
And unsuspected court her by herself.

GRU. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile the old  
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together !

---

to the common phrase about "setting the ten commandments  
in your face," which meant using the ten fingers or the fists for  
purposes of assault.

113 *a cat*] The cat was commonly reputed to be purblind or blear-eyed  
by day, though well able to see in the dark.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT I

---

*Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised*

Master, master, look about you : who goes there, ha ?

HOR. Peace, Grumio ! it is the rival of my love.

Petruchio, stand by a while.

GRU. A proper stripling and an amorous ! 140

GRE. O, very well ; I have perused the note.

Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :

All books of love, see that at any hand ;

And see you read no other lectures to her :

You understand me : over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,

And let me have them very well perfumed :

For she is sweeter than perfume itself

To whom they go to. What will you read to her ? 150

LUC. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you

As for my patron, stand you so assured,

As firmly as yourself were still in place :

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

GRE. O this learning, what a thing it is !

GRU. O this woodcock, what an ass it is !

PET. Peace, sirrah !

HOR. Grumio, mum ! God save you, Signior Gremio.

---

147 *Take your paper too*] *Paper* is the old reading, for which Pope and most succeeding editors substitute *papers*. The reference seems to be to the "note" or list of books, mentioned in line 141. "Them," in line 148, doubtless refers to the books themselves.

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

GRE. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio. 160  
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.  
I promised to inquire carefully  
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:  
And by good fortune I have lighted well  
On this young man, for learning and behaviour  
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry  
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

HOR. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman  
Hath promised me to help me to another,  
A fine musician to instruct our mistress; 170  
So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

GRE. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

GRU. And that his bags shall prove.

HOR. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love:  
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,  
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.  
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,  
Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine, 180  
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

GRE. So said, so done, is well.  
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

PET. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:  
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GRE. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

PET. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:  
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days and long to see.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT I

---

GRE. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were  
strange ! 190

But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name :  
You shall have me assisting you in all.  
But will you woo this wild-cat ?

PET. Will I live ?

GRU. Will he woo her ? ay, or I 'll hang her.

PET. Why came I hither but to that intent ?  
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?  
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds  
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat ?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field, 200  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,  
That gives not half so great a blow to hear  
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?  
Tush, tush ! fear boys with bugs.

GRU. For he fears none.

GRE. Hortensio, hark :  
This gentleman is happily arrived,  
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours. 210

HOR. I promised we would be contributors  
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

GRE. And so we will, provided that he win her.

GRU. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

---

207 *fear . . . bugs*] frighten boys with bugbears. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, V,  
ii, 2: "Warwick was a *bug* that *fear'd* us all."

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

*Enter TRANIO brave, and BIONDELLO*

TRA. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,  
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way  
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

BION. He that has the two fair daughters: is't he  
you mean?

TRA. Even he, Biondello. 220

GRE. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to —

TRA. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

PET. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

TRA. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

LUC. Well begun, Tranio.

HOR. Sir, a word ere you go;  
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

TRA. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

GRE. No; if without more words you will get you  
hence.

TRA. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
For me as for you?

GRE. But so is not she. 230

TRA. For what reason, I beseech you?

GRE. For this reason, if you'll know,  
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

HOR. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

TRA. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,  
To whom my father is not all unknown;  
And were his daughter fairer than she is,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT I

She may more suitors have and me for one.  
 Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ; 240  
 Then well one more may fair Bianca have :  
 And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,  
 Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

GRE. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all !

LUC. Sir, give him head : I know he'll prove a  
 jade.

PET. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

HOR. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,  
 Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

TRA. No, sir ; but hear I do that he hath two,  
 The one as famous for a scolding tongue 250  
 As is the other for beauteous modesty.

PET. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

GRE. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;  
 And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

PET. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth :  
 The youngest daughter whom you hearken for  
 Her father keeps from all access of suitors ;  
 And will not promise her to any man  
 Until the elder sister first be wed :  
 The younger then is free and not before. 260

TRA. If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
 Must stead us all and me amongst the rest ;

245 *jade*] a horse that cannot be trusted. Cf. *Jul. Caes.*, IV, ii, 26-27 :

"Like *deceitful jades* Sink in the trial." Cotgrave translates

"gallier," a jade, a dull horse. See II, i, 200, *infra*.

256 *hearken for*] wait for, seek. Cf. *1 Hen.* IV, V, iv, 52 : "That  
 ever said I *hearken'd* for your death."

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

And if you break the ice and do this feat,  
Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her  
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

HOR. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive ;  
And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

270

TRA. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,  
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,  
And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

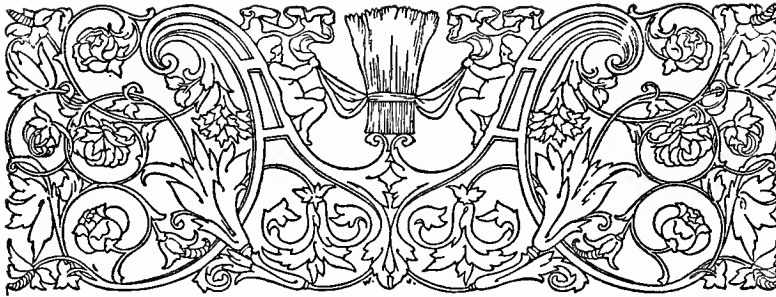
GRU. BION. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let 's be  
gone.

HOR. The motion 's good indeed and be it so,  
Petruccio, I shall be your ben venuto. [Exeunt.]

---

263 *feat*] Rowe's emendation of the original reading *seeke*.

272 *contrive*] spend. Cf. Spenser's *Faery Queen*, II, ix, 48, 5 : "Three  
ages, such as mortal men *contrive*."



ACT SECOND — SCENE I — PADUA

A ROOM IN BAPTISTA'S HOUSE

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA

BIANCA



GOOD SISTER, WRONG  
me not, nor wrong yourself,  
To make a bondmaid and a slave  
of me ;  
That I disdain : but for these  
other gawds,  
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them  
off myself,  
Yea, all my raiment, to my  
petticoat ;  
Or what you will command me  
will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my  
elders.

KATH. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell  
Whom thou lovest best : see thou dissemble not.

<sup>3</sup> for these other gawds] as for these other toys, trifles, trifling ornaments. Theobald substituted *gawds* for the original reading *goods*, *i. e.* possessions. Neither reading is very pointed.



SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

BIAN. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive 10  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATH. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

BIAN. If you affect him, sister, here I swear  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATH. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:  
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

BIAN. Is it for him you do envy me so?  
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive  
You have but jested with me all this while: 20  
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

KATH. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.  
*[Strikes her.]*

*Enter BAPTISTA*

BAP. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this  
insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.  
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.  
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATH. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.  
*[Flies after Bianca.]*

BAP. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in. 30  
*[Exit Bianca.]*

KATH. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I  
see  
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT II

---

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day  
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.  
Talk not to me : I will go sit and weep  
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit.]

BAP. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I ?  
But who comes here ?

*Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man ; PETRUCHIO,  
with HORTENSIO as a musician ; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO  
bearing a lute and books*

GRE. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAP. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save 40  
you, gentlemen !

PET. And you, good sir ; Pray, have you not a  
daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous ?

BAP. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

GRE. You are too blunt : go to it orderly.

PET. You wrong me, Signior Gremio : give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
Her affability and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, 50  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
I do present you with a man of mine, [*Presenting Hortensio.*]

<sup>34</sup> *lead apes in hell*] The proverbial destiny of old maids and childless  
women.

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
Whereof I know she is not ignorant :  
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong :  
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60

BAP. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your good  
sake.

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PET. I see you do not mean to part with her,  
Or else you like not of my company.

BAP. Mistake me not ; I speak but as I find.  
Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your name ?

PET. Petruchio is my name ; Antonio's son,  
A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAP. I know him well : you are welcome for his  
sake. 70

GRE. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :  
Baccare ! you are marvellous forward.

PET. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I would fain be  
doing.

GRE. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your  
wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of  
it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been

<sup>73</sup> *Baccare !*] A cant interjection formed from "back" or "back-  
wards." It is usually met with in the proverbial phrase "Backare,  
quod Mortimer to his sow." See John Heywood's *Epigrams*,  
and *Ralph Roister Doister*, I, 2.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT II

---

more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, <sup>80</sup> and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics : his name is Cambio ; pray, accept his service.

BAP. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle sir [*to Tranio*], methinks you walk like a stranger : may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming ?

TRA. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own ; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister. This liberty is all that I request, That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo And free access and favour as the rest : And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books : If you accept them, then their worth is great.

100

BAP. Lucentio is your name ; of whence, I pray ?

TRA. Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio.

BAP. A mighty man of Pisa ; by report I know him well : you are very welcome, sir. Take you the lute, and you the set of books ;

---

101 *Lucentio . . . name*] Baptista probably learns Lucentio's name in private talk with Tranio, after his last speech.

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

You shall go see your pupils presently.  
Holla, within !

*Enter a Servant*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen  
To my daughters ; and tell them both,  
These are their tutors : bid them use them well.

*[Exit Servant, with Luc. and Hor., Bio. following.]*

We will go walk a little in the orchard, 110  
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,  
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PET. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
And every day I cannot come to woo.  
You knew my father well, and in him me,  
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have better'd rather than decreased :  
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

BAP. After my death the one half of my lands, 120  
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

PET. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever :

---

114 *every day . . . to woo*] The line echoes the burden of a popular contemporary ballad called *The Ingenious Braggadocio* : " And I cannot come every day to woo." Puttenham quotes a similar line (" I cannot come a wooing every day ") from an interlude by himself called " The Woer " ; cf. *Arte of English Poesie* (1589), p. 213 (ed. Arber). For other popular songs cited by Petruchio, see line 316, *infra* : " We will be married o' Sunday," and IV, i, 124 and 129-130.

123 *widowhood*] the dower or jointure of a widow.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT II

---

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAP. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

PET. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ; 130  
And where two raging fires meet together  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :  
Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :  
So I to her and so she yields to me ;  
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAP. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed !  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

PET. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually. 140

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke*

BAP. How now, my friend ! why dost thou look so  
pale ?

HOR. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAP. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

HOR. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier :

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAP. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

HOR. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, 150

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

“Frets, call you these?” quoth she; “I’ll fume with them:”  
 And, with that word, she struck me on the head,  
 And through the instrument my pate made way;  
 And there I stood amazed for a while,  
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute;  
 While she did call me rascal fiddler  
 And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,  
 As had she studied to misuse me so.

PET. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;  
 I love her ten times more than e’er I did: 160  
 O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAP. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:  
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;  
 She’s apt to learn and thankful for good turns.  
 Signior Petruccio, will you go with us,  
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PET. I pray you do; I will attend her here,  
 [*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.*]  
 And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
 Say that she rail; why then I’ll tell her plain  
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale: 170

151 *Frets . . . fume*] “To fret and fume” is a very common expression, meaning “to get angry.” The quibble on “fret,” which also means “the stop of a guitar,” is repeated in *Hamlet*, III, ii, 362: “Though you can *fret* me, Yet you cannot play upon me.”

157 *twangling Jack*] strumming fool. Cf. *Tempest*, III, ii, 146, “*twangling* instruments.” For this reproachful use of “Jack” cf. 280, *infra*, “swearing *Jack*.”

169–173 *Say that she rail, etc.*] These lines, with a good many verbal alterations, were set to music by Sir Henry Bishop in a very popular song entitled “Should he upbraid.”

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT II

Say that she frown ; I 'll say she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :  
Say she be mute and will not speak a word ;  
Then I 'll commend her volubility,  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence :  
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,  
As though she bid me stay by her a week :  
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.  
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak. 180

*Enter KATHARINA*

Good morrow, Kate ; for that 's your name, I hear.

KATH. Well have you heard, but something hard of  
hearing :

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

PET. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,  
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;  
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;  
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town, 190  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,  
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATH. Moved ! in good time : let him that moved  
you hither

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first  
You were a moveable.



SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

PET. Why, what's a moveable?  
 KATH. A join'd-stool.  
 PET. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.  
 KATH. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.  
 PET. Women are made to bear, and so are you.  
 KATH. No such jade as you, if me you mean. 200  
 PET. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!  
 For, knowing thee to be but young and light, —  
 KATH. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;  
 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.  
 PET. Should be! should — buzz!  
 KATH. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.  
 PET. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take  
 thee?  
 KATH. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.  
 PET. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too  
 angry.  
 KATH. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.  
 PET. My remedy is then, to pluck it out. 210  
 KATH. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.  
 PET. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his  
 sting? In his tail.  
 KATH. In his tongue.  
 PET. Whose tongue?  
 KATH. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.

197 *A join'd-stool*] A stool in moveable parts, which admitted of its being folded up. For the proverbial phrase of mock apology, "I took you for a *joint-stool*," see *Lear*, III, vi, 51.

200 *No such jade*] See note on I, ii, 256, *supra*.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT II

PET. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,  
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.  
KATH. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*]  
PET. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.  
KATH. So may you lose your arms:  
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;  
And if no gentleman, why then no arms. 220  
PET. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!  
KATH. What is your crest? a coxcomb?  
PET. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.  
KATH. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.  
PET. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.  
KATH. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.  
PET. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.  
KATH. There is, there is.  
PET. Then show it me.  
KATH. Had I a glass, I would.  
PET. What, you mean my face?  
KATH. Well aim'd of such a young one. 230  
PET. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.  
KATH. Yet you are wither'd.  
PET. 'Tis with cares.  
KATH. I care not.

---

221 *put me in thy books*] a quibble on the two senses of the phrase, viz., "taking one into favour," or "putting one in one's good books," and "enrolling one's name in the registers (of the Herald's College)." Cf. *Much Ado*, I, i, 63: "I see, lady, the gentleman is not *in your books*."

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

PET. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth you scape not so.

KATH. I chafe you, if I tarry : let me go.

PET. No, not a whit : I find you passing gentle.

'T was told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance, 240

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp ?

O slanderous world ! Kate like the hazel-twig

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazel-nuts and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

KATH. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command. 250

PET. Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;

And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful !

KATH. Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

PET. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATH. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

PET. Am I not wise ?

KATH. Yes ; keep you warm.

---

258 *keep you warm*] an adaptation of some such proverbial platitude as  
"A wise man keeps out of the cold." The expression reappears in  
*Much Ado*, I, i, 57 : "If he have wit enough *to keep himself warm*."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT II

PET. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed :  
And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 260  
Thus in plain terms : your father hath consented  
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;  
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;  
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,  
Thou must be married to no man but me ;  
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,  
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate  
Conformable as other household Kates. 270  
Here comes your father : never make denial ;  
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO*

BAP. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with  
my daughter ?  
PET. How but well, sir ? how but well ?  
It were impossible I should speed amiss.  
BAP. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ! in your  
dumps ?  
KATH. Call you me daughter ? now, I promise you  
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;  
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 280  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.  
PET. Father, 't is thus : yourself and all the world,  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her :

280 *swearing Jack*] Cf. II, i, 157, *supra*, "twangling Jack."

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

If she be curst, it is for policy,  
 For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove ;  
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;  
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel,  
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity :  
 And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,  
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 290

KATH. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

GRE. Hark, Petruchio ; she says she 'll see thee hang'd  
 first.

TRA. Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night  
 our part !

PET. Be patient, gentlemen ; I choose her for myself :  
 If she and I be pleased, what 's that to you ?  
 'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
 That she shall still be curst in company.  
 I tell you, 't is incredible to believe  
 How much she loves me : O, the kindest Kate !  
 She hung about my neck ; and kiss on kiss 300  
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,  
 That in a twink she won me to her love.  
 O, you are novices ! 't is a world to see,

---

287 *Grissel*] Griselda was the recognised type of patience in women.  
 Her story, as told by Petrarch after Boccaccio, was reproduced in  
 Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and on it was based the play of *The*  
*Patient Grissel*, by Haughton, Chettle and Dekker (1603).

293 *our part*] our part of the bargain.

301 *She vied*] She vied with me in giving, she bid in competition with  
 me. Cf. out-vied, *i. e.* outbid, line 377, *infra*.

303 *a world to see*] a wonderful sight; a common Elizabethan  
 expression.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT II

---

How tame, when men and women are alone,  
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.  
Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,  
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.  
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;  
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

BAP. I know not what to say : but give me your  
hands ;

310

God send you joy, Petruchio ! 't is a match.

GRE. TRA. Amen, say we : we will be witnesses.

PET. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu  
I will to Venice ; Sunday comes apace :  
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,  
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*]

GRE. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly ?

BAP. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,  
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

TRA. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you :  
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

320

BAP. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

GRE. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.  
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter :

---

305 *meacock*] spiritless. Cotgrave's *French-English Dict.* gives "milk-sop," and "worthless fellow" as synonyms for "a meacock."

316 *we will be married o' Sunday*] In *Ralph Roister Doister*, V, 6, the old song is given, with the refrain (thrice repeated) "I mun be married a Sunday." Petruchio quotes other old songs at line 114, *supra*, and at IV, i, 124 and 129-130, *infra*.

323 *got a quiet catch*] made a safe haul.

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

Now is the day we long have looked for :  
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

TRA. And I am one that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

GRE. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRA. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

GRE. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back : 't is age that nourisheth. 331

TRA. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

BAP. Content you, gentlemen : I will compound this  
strife :

'T is deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower  
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

GRE. First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;

Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands ; 340

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;

In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needlework,

Pewter and brass and all things that belong

To house or housekeeping : then, at my farm

---

344 *tents, and canopies*] bed hangings.

345 *boss'd*] studded.

346 *Valance . . . needlework*] Drapery of the bedstead made of Venetian lace in gold thread.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT II

---

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls, 350  
And all things answerable to this portion.  
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;  
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

TRA. That "only" came well in. Sir, list to me :  
I am my father's heir and only son :  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua ; 360  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.  
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio ?

GRE. Two thousand ducats by the year of land !  
My land amounts not to so much in all :  
That she shall have ; besides an argosy  
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.  
What, have I choked you with an argosy ?

TRA. Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less  
Than three great argosies ; besides two galliasses, 370  
And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure her,  
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

GRE. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;  
And she can have no more than all I have :  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

---

349 *milch-kine to the pail*] cows for milking.

363 *pinch'd*] got the better of, hurt.



SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

TRA. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,  
By your firm promise : Gremio is out-vied.

BAP. I must confess your offer is the best ;  
And, let your father make her the assurance,  
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me, 380  
If you should die before him, where 's her dower ?

TRA. That 's but a cavil : he is old, I young.

GRE. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

BAP. Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolved : on Sunday next you know  
My daughter Katharine is to be married :  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;  
If not, to Signior Gremio :  
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both. 390

GRE. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista.*]

Now I fear thee not :

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and in his waning age  
Set foot under thy table : tut, a toy !  
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*]

TRA. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !  
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.  
'T is in my head to do my master good :

377 *out-vied*] out-bid ; see line 301, *supra*.

388 *if . . . assurance*] if you give this security.

397 *a card of ten*] a card of ten spots, which might, when skilfully played, count highest in "primero" and other contemporary games. Cf. Day's *Law tricks* (1608) Act V : "I may be outfaced of myself, with a *card of ten*."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT II

---

I see no reason but supposed Lucentio  
Must get a father, call'd — supposed Vincentio; 400  
And that's a wonder : fathers commonly  
Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing,  
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*]



ACT THIRD — SCENE I — PADUA

*BAPTISTA'S HOUSE*

*Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA*

LUCENTIO



**F**IDDLER, FORBEAR;  
you grow too forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the  
entertainment

Her sister Katharine welcomed  
you withal?

HOR. But, wrangling pedant,  
this is

The patroness of heavenly har-  
mony:

Then give me leave to have  
prerogative;

And when in music we have  
spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

LUC. Preposterous ass, that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd!

10

Was it not to refresh the mind of man

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT III

After his studies or his usual pain ?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HOR. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIAN. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;  
I 'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;  
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HOR. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?

LUC. That will be never : tune your instrument.

BIAN. Where left we last ?

LUC. Here, madam :

“ Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.”

BIAN. Construe them. 30

LUC. “ Hic ibat,” as I told you before, — “ Simois,”  
I am Lucentio, — “ hic est,” son unto Vincentio of Pisa,  
— “ Sigeia tellus,” disguised thus to get your love ; —  
“ Hic steterat,” and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,

12 *his usual pain*] his customary toil.

18 *breeching scholar*] a boy, fit to be breeched or flogged. “ A breeching boy ” is common in the same sense.

28-29 *Hic ibat, etc.*] From Ovid's *Heroides*, I, 33, 34. Ovid is causing a Greek soldier to paint with wine on a table the disposition of the opposing armies at Troy. The line reads in Ovid : “ *Hac ibat Simois, haec est Sigeia tellus.*”

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

— “Priami,” is my man Tranio, — “regia,” bearing my port, — “celsa senis,” that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HOR. Madam, my instrument’s in tune.

BIAN. Let’s hear. O fie! the treble jars.

LUC. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIAN. Now let me see if I can construe it: 40

“Hic ibat Simois,” I know you not, — “hic est Sigeia tellus,” I trust you not, — “Hic steterat Priami,” take heed he hear us not, — “regia,” presume not, — “celsa senis,” despair not.

HOR. Madam, ’t is now in tune.

LUC. All but the base.

HOR. The base is right; ’t is the base knave that jars.

[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I’ll watch you better yet.

BIAN. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUC. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides 50  
Was Ajax, call’d so from his grandfather.

BIAN. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

36 *the old pantaloon*] Cf. *supra*, I, i, 47, note.

48 *Pedascule*] Apparently a contemptuous diminutive of “pedant.”

No other example of the word is found.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT III

---

HOR. You may go walk, and give me leave a while :  
My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUC. Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,  
[*Aside*] And watch withal ; for, but I be deceived, 60  
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

HOR. Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art ;  
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :  
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIAN. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HOR. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio. 70

BIAN. [*reads*] “‘Gamut’ I am, the ground of all accord,  
‘A re,’ to plead Hortensio’s passion ;  
‘B mi,’ Bianca, take him for thy lord,  
‘C fa ut,’ that loves with all affection :  
‘D sol re,’ one clef, two notes have I :  
‘E la mi,’ show pity, or I die.”

Call you this gamut ? tut, I like it not :  
Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,  
To change true rules for old inventions.

---

65 *gamut*] the scale in music. The word is derived from “gamma,”  
the name of the letter “g” in Greek, after which the lowest note  
in the musical scale was called. Cf. *Pathway to Music* (1596):  
“It is needfull for him that will learne to sing truely, to understand  
his Scale, or (as they commonly call it) the *Gamma ut*.”

79 *change . . . inventions*] The Second Folio substituted *change* for the

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

*Enter a Servant*

SERV. Mistress, your father prays you leave your  
books, 80  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up :  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIAN. Farewell, sweet masters both ; I must be gone.  
*[Exeunt Bianca and Servant.]*

LUC. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.  
*[Exit.]*

HOR. But I have cause to pry into this pedant :  
Methinks he looks as though he were in love :  
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,  
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,  
Seize thee that list : if once I find thee ranging,  
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *[Exit.]* 90

SCENE II — PADUA

*BEFORE BAPTISTA'S HOUSE*

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO,  
and others, attendants*

BAP. Signior Lucentio [*To Tranio*], this is the 'pointed  
day.  
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

---

*charge* of the First Folio, which was an obvious misprint ; *old* was altered unnecessarily by Theobald to *odd*, an alteration which has been very widely adopted.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT III

---

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!  
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATH. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be  
forced

To give my hand, opposed against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen; 10  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:  
And, to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns;  
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,  
And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
If it would please him come and marry her!" 20

TRA. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.  
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:  
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATH. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*]

---

10 *rudesby, full of spleen*] a ruffian, full of caprice, whimsical. Cf.  
1 *Hen. IV*, V, ii, 19: "A harebrain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a  
*spleen.*"



SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

BAP. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;  
For such an injury would vex a very saint,  
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

BION. Master, master ! news, old news, and such <sup>30</sup>  
news as you never heard of !

BAP. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

BION. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's  
coming ?

BAP. Is he come ?

BION. Why, no, sir.

BAP. What then ?

BION. He is coming.

BAP. When will he be here ?

BION. When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRA. But say, what to thine old news ? <sup>40</sup>

BION. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and  
an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a  
pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled,  
another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-  
armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless ; with two  
broken points : his horse hipped with an old mothy sad-  
dle and stirrups of no kindred ; besides, possessed with  
the glanders and like to mose in the chine ; troubled

---

43 *candle-cases*] boxes to keep candles in.

46 *horse hipped*] This list of diseases in horses is conceived in a  
Rabelaisian vein. There is no good ground for doubting, with  
some critics, Shakespeare's responsibility for it.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT III

with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of  
windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows,<sup>50</sup>  
past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers,  
begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-  
shotten; near-legged before and with a half-cheeked bit  
and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained  
to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and  
now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and  
a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for  
her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there  
pieced with pack-thread.

BAP. Who comes with him?

60

BION. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned  
like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a  
kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and  
blue list; an old hat, and "the humour of forty fancies"

49 *fashions*] A corruption of the French word "farcin," a disease in horses. Cf. Dekker's *Guls Hornbook* (1609): "*Fashions* was then counted a disease, and horses died of it."

51 *fives*] "Fives," like "fashions" is a corruption of a French word. The disease, which is correctly known as "avives" or "vives," is an inflammation of the glands of the ear.

64 "*humour of forty fancies*" ] The inverted commas are not found in the First Folio; they appear in the Quarto reprint of 1631. Petruchio's hat was adorned with a whimsical knot of ribbons. "Fancies" was applied to a bundle of ribbons of variegated colour. Peacham in his *Worth of a Penny* describes "a weather-beaten *fancy* worn (in a hat) 'for fashion's sake.'" Cf. Brome's *Mad Couple* (1652), Prologue: "I've a new Suite, And Ribbons fashionable, yclipt *Fancies*." Sir John Davies in his *Epigrams* (1598) refuses to follow the manner of the desperate lover and "some pied

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

pricked in 't for a feather : a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

TRA. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion ;  
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

BAP. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes. 70

BION. Why, sir, he comes not.

BAP. Didst thou not say he comes ?

BION. Who ? that Petruchio came ?

BAP. Ay, that Petruchio came.

BION. No, sir ; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

BAP. Why, that 's all one.

BION. Nay, by Saint Jamy,

I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man

Is more than one,

And yet not many. 80

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO

PET. Come, where be these gallants ? who 's at home ?

BAP. You are welcome, sir.

PET. And yet I come not well.

BAP. And yet you halt not.

---

colours in my bonnet stick." "Fancy-work" and "fancy dress" are expressions of a cognate significance. "The humour of forty fancies" resembles the title of contemporary song-books. Cf. Thomas Ravenscroft's "Melismata: Musical *Phancies* fitting the Court, Citie and Country *Humours*," 1611.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT III

---

TRA. Not so well apparell'd  
As I wish you were.

PET. Were it better, I should rush in thus.  
But where is Kate ? where is my lovely bride ?  
How does my father ? Gentles, methinks you frown :  
And wherefore gaze this goodly company, 90  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet or unusual prodigy ?

BAP. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-  
day :  
First were we sad, fearing you would not come ;  
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn festival !

TRA. And tell us, what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself ? 100

PET. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :  
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,  
Though in some part enforced to digress ;  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.  
But where is Kate ? I stay too long from her :  
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

TRA. See not your bride in these unreverent robes :  
Go to my chamber ; put on clothes of mine.

PET. Not I, believe me : thus I'll visit her. 110

BAP. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

---

103 *digress*] deviate from my promised action.

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

PET. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with words :

To me she 's married, not unto my clothes :  
 Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
 As I can change these poor accoutrements,  
 'T were well for Kate and better for myself.  
 But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
 When I should bid good morrow to my bride,  
 And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*]

TRA. He hath some meaning in his mad attire : 120  
 We will persuade him, be it possible,  
 To put on better ere he go to church.

BAP. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*]

TRA. But to her love concerneth us to add  
 Her father's liking : which to bring to pass,  
 As I before imparted to your worship,  
 I am to get a man, — whate'er he be,  
 It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn, —  
 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;  
 And make assurance here in Padua 130  
 Of greater sums than I have promised.

114 *what . . . near in me*] what she will wear out in me ; what worry she will cause me.

124 *But to her love . . . add*] The original reading is *But sir, Love*, which leaves the line defective. It is possible that "sir" is a misprint for "to her." The elliptical construction of a verb without any nominative is not uncommon in Elizabethan English. The meaning is, "It behoves us to add to her love her father's consent."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT III

---

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUC. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,  
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

TRA. That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our vantage in this business : 140  
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying father, Minola,  
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

*Re-enter GREMIO*

Signior Gremio, came you from the church ?

GRE. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRA. And is the bride and bridegroom coming  
home ?

GRE. A bridegroom say you ? 't is a groom indeed,  
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRA. Curster than she ? why, 't is impossible. 150

GRE. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRA. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

GRE. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him !  
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio : when the priest  
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,  
" Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he ; and swore so loud,

---

136 *steal our marriage*] make our marriage clandestine.

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book ;  
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest : 160  
“ Now take them up,” quoth he, “ if any list.”

TRA. What said the wench when he rose again ?

GRE. Trembled and shook ; for why he stamp'd and  
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine : “ A health ! ” quoth he ; as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm : quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;

Having no other reason

170

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack

That at the parting all the church did echo :

And I seeing this came thence for very shame ;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before :

Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Music.*

---

163-179] This passage was printed as prose in the First Folio, but rightly appeared as verse in the Second Folio.

166 *He calls for wine*] It was the common practice to drink sweet wine, usually muscadel or muscadine, in church at the end of the wedding ceremony.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT III

---

*Re-enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO,  
GRUMIO, *and Train*

PET. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your  
pains :

180

I know you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer ;  
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,  
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAP. Is 't possible you will away to-night ?

PET. I must away to-day, before night come :  
Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,  
You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
And, honest company, I thank you all,  
That have beheld me give away myself  
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :  
Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;  
For I must hence ; and farewell to you all.

190

TRA. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PET. It may not be.

GRE. Let me entreat you.

PET. It cannot be.

KATH. Let me entreat you.

PET. I am content.

KATH. Are you content to stay ?

PET. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;  
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATH. Now, if you love me, stay.

PET. Grumio, my horse. 200

GRU. Ay, sir, they be ready : the oats have eaten the  
horses.



SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

KATH. Nay, then,  
 Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;  
 No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.  
 The door is open, sir ; there lies your way ;  
 You may be jogging whiles your boots are green ;  
 For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself :  
 'T is like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,  
 That take it on you at the first so roundly. 210

PET. O Kate, content thee ; prithee, be not angry.

KATH. I will be angry : what hast thou to do ?  
 Father, be quiet : he shall stay my leisure.

GRE. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

KATH. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :  
 I see a woman may be made a fool,  
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

PET. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her ;  
 Go to the feast, revel and domineer, 220  
 Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,  
 Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves :  
 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;  
 I will be master of what is mine own :  
 She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,  
 My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;

---

207 *green*] fresh, new. The phrase "boots are green" seems to have been proverbial.

210 *That . . . roundly*] That at the outset behave so bluntly, so insolently. Cf. note, *supra*, I, ii, 57.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT III

---

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;  
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he 230  
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,  
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves ;  
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.  
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate :  
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*]

BAP. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GRE. Went they not quickly, I should die with  
laughing.

TRA. Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUC. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

BIAN. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated. 240

GRE. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAP. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-  
groom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

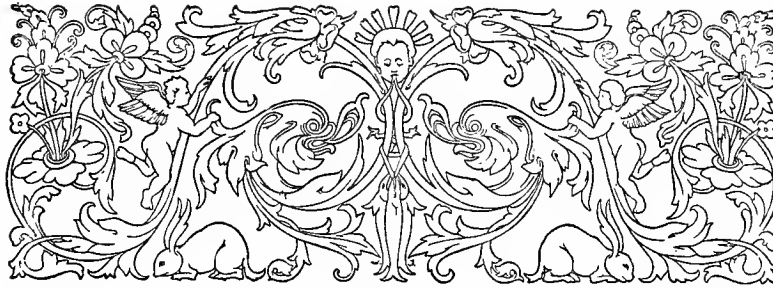
TRA. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

BAP. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

240 mated] See note on *Com. of Errors*, III, ii, 54.



ACT FOURTH—SCENE I—PETRUCHIO'S  
COUNTRY HOUSE

*Enter GRUMIO*

GRUMIO



IE, FIE ON ALL TIRED  
jades, on all mad masters, and  
all foul ways! Was ever man  
so beaten? was ever man so  
rayed? was ever man so weary?  
I am sent before to make a fire,  
and they are coming after to  
warm them. Now, were not I  
a little pot, and soon hot, my  
very lips might freeze to my  
teeth, my tongue to the roof  
of my mouth, my heart in  
my belly, ere I should come  
by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the  
fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather,  
a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho!  
Curtis!

10

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

*Enter CURTIS*

CURT. Who is it that calls so coldly ?

GRU. A piece of ice : if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

CURT. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio ?

GRU. O, ay, Curtis, ay : and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.

CURT. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported ?

GRU. She was, good Curtis, before this frost : but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast ; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis. 20

CURT. Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.

GRU. Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot ; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office ?

CURT. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world ? 30

GRU. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and therefore fire : do thy duty, and have thy duty ; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURT. There 's fire ready ; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

---

16-17 *fire, fire . . . water*] a misquotation of the old popular catch, "Scotland burneth ; Fire, fire, fire, fire. Cast on some more water."

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

GRU. Why, "Jack, boy! ho! boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

CURT. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

GRU. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house 40 trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

CURT. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

GRU. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURT. How?

GRU. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale. 50

CURT. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRU. Lend thine ear.

CURT. Here.

GRU. There. [Strikes him.]

---

36 "*Jack, boy! ho! boy!*" ] The first words of an old round or catch in three parts (given in Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609), of which the first words are "Jack boy! ho! boy! news; the cat is in the well."

41 *rushes strewed*] The floors of Elizabethan houses were usually covered with rushes in place of carpets.

43-44 *jacks fair . . . carpets laid*] Grumio quibbles on the words "jacks" and "jills," which were used for men-servants and maid-servants respectively, as well as for two kinds of drinking vessels — of leather and metal respectively. The carpets were the tablecloths.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

CURT. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRU. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress, —

CURT. Both of one horse?

60

GRU. What's that to thee?

CURT. Why, a horse.

GRU. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, <sup>70</sup> how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURT. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

GRU. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their <sup>80</sup> left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my

---

<sup>79</sup> *blue coats*] Blue was the ordinary colour of menservants' dress.

<sup>80</sup> *indifferent knit*] ordinary texture, neither too fine nor too coarse.

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

CURT. They are.

GRU. Call them forth.

CURT. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress!

GRU. Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURT. Who knows not that?

GRU. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

90

CURT. I call them forth to credit her.

GRU. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter four or five serving-men*

NATH. Welcome home, Grumio!

PHIL. How now, Grumio!

JOS. What, Grumio!

NICH. Fellow Grumio!

NATH. How now, old lad?

GRU. Welcome, you; — how now, you; — what, you; — fellow, you; — and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

100

---

86 *countenance*] do grace or honour to. "Credit" (line 91) is used in much the same sense of "conferring credit on." Both words move Grumio to the like manner of quibbling. "Countenance" and "credit" are used in a similar connection in Greene's *Vpstart Courtier* (Greene's *Works*, ed. Grosart, XI, 230): "What is the end of service to a man, but to *countenance* himselfe and *credite* his maister with braue suites?"

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

NATH. All things is ready. How near is our master ?

GRU. E'en at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore  
be not — Cock's passion, silence ! I hear my master.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA*

PET. Where be these knaves ? What, no man at  
door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse !

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip ?

ALL SERV. Here, here, sir ; here, sir.

PET. Here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir ! here sir !

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms !

What, no attendance ? no regard ? no duty ? 110

Where is the foolish knave I sent before ?

GRU. Here, sir ; as foolish as I was before.

PET. You peasant swain ! you whoreson malt-horse  
drudge !

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee ?

GRU. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel ;

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing :

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory ; 120

---

118 *link . . . hat*] Old hats were often blacked over with lampblack from a torch to give them an appearance of being new. Cf. *Mihil Mumchance* (1595 ?), a tract, wrongly attributed to Robert Greene, Sig. D. 2 : " This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, — instead of newe, *blackt over with the smoake of an old linke.*"



SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly ;  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PET. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt servants.*]

[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led —

Where are those — Sit down, Kate, and welcome. —  
Soud, soud, soud, soud !

*Re-enter Servants with supper*

Why, when, I say ? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.  
Off with my boots, you rogues ! you villains, when ?

[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders grey,  
As he forth walked on his way : —

130

Out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry :  
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here ; what, ho !  
Where 's my spaniel Troilus ? Sirrah, get you hence,

---

124 *Where is the life, etc.*] The same song is quoted by Pistol, *2 Hen. IV*, V, iii, 139. The full text has not been discovered. Mention is made of it in the heading of a song in Clement Robinson's *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites* (1584) ed. Arber, p. 14 : " Dame Beauties replie to the Louer late at libertie : and now complaineth himselfe to be her captiue, Intituled : *Where is the life that late I led.*" Robinson's song forms a reply to the old ballad.

126 *Soud . . . soud*] An ejaculation expressive of fatigue.

129 *It was a friar of orders grey, etc.*] This is the sole fragment of the old ballad which has been preserved. Bishop Percy, in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, developed these two lines into a long original poem. The well-known song, beginning " I am a friar of orders grey," is a modern composition by John Wall Callcott.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :  
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.  
Where are my slippers ? Shall I have some water ?

*Enter one with water*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.  
You whoreson villain ! will you let it fall ? [*Strikes him.*]

KATH. Patience, I pray you ; 't was a fault unwilling.

PET. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave ! 141  
Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.  
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate ; or else shall I ?  
What 's this ? mutton ?

FIRST SERV. Ay.

PET. Who brought it ?

PETER. I.

PET. 'T is burnt ; and so is all the meat.  
What dogs are these ! where is the rascal cook ?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,  
And serve it thus to me that love it not ?  
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :

*[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]*

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves ! 150  
What, do you grumble ? I 'll be with you straight.

KATH. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet :  
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PET. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away ;  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

---

135 *cousin Ferdinand*] There is no other mention in the play of this personage.

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;  
And better 't were that both of us did fast,  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient ; to-morrow 't shall be mended, 160  
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company :  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Servants severally*

NATH. Peter, didst ever see the like ?  
PETER. He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter CURTIS*

GRU. Where is he ?  
CURT. In her chamber, making a sermon of conti-  
nency to her ;  
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream. 170  
Away, away ! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO*

PET. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
And 't is my hope to end successfully.  
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty ;

---

158 *choleric*] Cf. *Com. of Errors*, II, ii, 61.

174 *seq.*] This and the next six lines develop imagery derived from the sport of falconry. The full-fed hawk or falcon is not deceived by the "lure" or decoy made to look like a pigeon. A better way to master the "haggard" or wild falcon is to keep it awake

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,  
 For then she never looks upon her lure.  
 Another way I have to man my haggard,  
 To make her come and know her keeper's call,  
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
 That bate and beat and will not be obedient. 180  
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;  
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;  
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
 I'll find about the making of the bed ;  
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :  
 Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
 That all is done in reverend care of her ;  
 And in conclusion she shall watch all night :  
 And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl, 190  
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;  
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
 Now let him speak : 't is charity to show. [Exit.

or watchful, as is done with unruly kites that bate or flutter about and will not obey the falconer's call.

187 *intend*] pretend ; a common usage. Cf. *Much Ado*, II, ii, 32 : "Intend a kind of zeal."

192 *kill . . . kindness*] a proverbial expression, which at a later date suggested to Thomas Heywood the title of his play, *A Woman killed with Kindness* (1607).

194 *shrew*] This word here rhymes with "show," and thereby illustrates the contemporary pronunciation. See note on *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 46, and cf. *infra*, V, ii, 28 and 188.

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

SCENE II — PADUA

BEFORE BAPTISTA'S HOUSE

*Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO*

TRA. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HOR. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO*

LUC. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

BIAN. What, master, read you ? first resolve me that.

LUC. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

BIAN. And may you prove, sir, master of your art !

LUC. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my  
heart !

10

HOR. Quick proceeders, marry ! Now, tell me, I pray,  
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRA. O spiteful love ! unconstant womankind !  
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

HOR. Mistake no more : I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be ;  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion :  
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

20

---

20 *cullion*] Cf. Florio's *Italian-English Dictionary*, "coglione a *cuglion*, a gull, a meacokc."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

TRA. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca ;  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you, if you be so contented,  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

HOR. See, how they kiss and court ! Signior Lucentio,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,  
As one unworthy all the former favours 30  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

TRA. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,  
Never to marry with her though she would entreat :  
Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him !

HOR. Would all the world but he had quite for-  
sworn !

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me  
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.  
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love : and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit.

TRA. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace  
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case !  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,  
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIAN. Tranio, you jest : but have you both forsworn  
me ?

TRA. Mistress, we have.

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

LUC. Then we are rid of Licio.  
 TRA. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now, 50  
 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.  
 BIAN. God give him joy!  
 TRA. Ay, and he'll tame her.  
 BIAN. He says so, Tranio.  
 TRA. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.  
 BIAN. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?  
 TRA. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;  
 That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,  
 To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

BION. O master, master, I have watch'd so long 60  
 That I am dog-weary! but at last I spied  
 An ancient angel coming down the hill,  
 Will serve the turn.  
 TRA. What is he, Biondello?  
 BION. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,

54 *Faith, etc.*] This and the next two lines are borrowed almost verbatim from the old play *The Taming of A Shrew*.

57 *tricks eleven and twenty long*] tricks of great intricacy or efficacy. There may be some reference to the game of cards, known as "one-and-thirty" (eleven *plus* twenty), or "bone-ace," to which Grumio has already alluded, I, ii, 32, *supra*.

61 *ancient angel*] Cf. Cotgrave, *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, "Angelot à la grosse escaille: an old angel, and by Metaphor a fellow of the old, sound, honest and worthie stamp."

63 *mercatante*] Cf. Florio's *Italian-English Dict.*, "Mercatante, a Marchant, a Marter, a Trader."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

I know not what ; but formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

LUC. And what of him, Tranio ?

TRA. If he be credulous and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,  
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,  
As if he were the right Vincentio.  
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

70

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

*Enter a Pedant*

PED. God save you, sir !

TRA. And you, sir ! you are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

PED. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two :  
But then up farther, and as far as Rome ;  
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

TRA. What countryman, I pray ?

PED. Of Mantua.

TRA. Of Mantua, sir ? marry, God forbid !  
And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

PED. My life, sir ! how, I pray ? for that goes hard. 80

TRA. 'T is death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause ?  
Your ships are stay'd at Venice ; and the Duke,  
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly :

---

81 *'T is death . . . Mantua*] This looks like a reminiscence of *Com. of Errors*, I, i, 19-20 : " If any Syracusian born Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies."



SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

'T is marvel, but that you are but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

PED. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so !  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence, and must here deliver them. 90

TRA. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you :  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa ?

PED. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been ;  
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

TRA. Among them know you one Vincentio ?

PED. I know him not, but I have heard of him ;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

TRA. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,  
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. 100

BION. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all  
one. [*Aside.*]

TRA. To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake ;  
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes  
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged :  
Look that you take upon you as you should ;  
You understand me, sir : so shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city : 110  
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

95 *Pisa . . . citizens*] This line has already appeared, I, i, 10, *supra*.

101 *apple . . . oyster*] a proverbial expression implying total want of  
similarity.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

PED. O sir, I do ; and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

TRA. Then go with me to make the matter good.  
This, by the way, I let you understand ;  
My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :  
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you :  
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.* 120

SCENE III — A ROOM IN PETRUCHIO'S HOUSE

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO*

GRU. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not for my life.

KATH. The more my wrong, the more his spite  
appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?  
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,  
Upon entreaty have a present alms ;  
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :  
But I, who never knew how to entreat,  
Nor never needed that I should entreat,  
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;  
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed : 10  
And that which spites me more than all these wants,  
He does it under name of perfect love ;  
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,

---

117 *To pass assurance*] To make settlement. Cf. *infra*, IV, iv, 45 and 89.

SCENE III THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

'T were deadly sickness or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast ;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRU. What say you to a neat's foot ?

KATH. 'T is passing good : I prithee let me have it.

GRU. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ? 20

KATH. I like it well : good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRU. I cannot tell ; I fear 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

KATH. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRU. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATH. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRU. Nay then, I will not : you shall have the mus-  
tard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATH. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

GRU. Why then, the mustard without the beef. 30

KATH. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
[Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat*

PET. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all  
amort ?

---

36 *all amort*] downcast, dispirited. Shakespeare only uses the expres-  
sion once again, *1 Hen. VI*, III, ii, 124. The word is a corruption

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

HOR. Mistress, what cheer ?

KATH. Faith, as cold as can be.

PET. Pluck up thy spirits ; look cheerfully upon me.  
Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am  
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee : 40  
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.  
What, not a word ? Nay, then thou lovest it not ;  
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.  
Here, take away this dish.

KATH. I pray you, let it stand.

PET. The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATH. I thank you, sir.

HOR. Signior Petruchio, fie ! you are to blame.  
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PET. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me. [*Aside.*  
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart ! 51  
Kate, eat apace : and now, my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house,  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,  
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things ;  
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,  
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.

---

of the French "à la mort," which is also found in the Anglicised form "alamort ;" cf. Fanshawe's *Lusiad*, V, 85, "to cheer the *alamort*."

43 *all . . . proof*] all my labour is to no purpose, has proved of no value. "Proof" here is used for "approve," *i. e.* "value."

SCENE III THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,  
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. 60

*Enter Tailor*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;  
Lay forth the gown.

*Enter Haberdasher*

What news with you, sir?

HAB. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PET. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;  
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy:  
Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:  
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

KATH. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70

PET. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
And not till then.

HOR. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*]

KATH. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;  
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:  
Your betters have endured me say my mind,  
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

---

60 *ruffling treasure*] flaunting finery.

64 *moulded . . . porringer*] In *Hen. VIII*, V, iv, 46, a haberdasher's wife is derisively credited with wearing on her head a "pinked porringer," *i. e.* a hat fashioned like a dish with a fluted border.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

Or else my heart concealing it will break ;  
And rather than it shall, I will be free  
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words. 80

PET. Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,  
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie :  
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

KATH. Love me or love me not, I like the cap ;  
And it I will have, or I will have none.

[*Exit Haberdasher.*]

PET. Thy gown ? why, ay : come, tailor, let us see 't.  
O mercy, God ! what masquing stuff is here ?  
What 's this ? a sleeve ? 't is like a demi-cannon :  
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart ?  
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, 90  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop :  
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

HOR. I see she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*]

TAI. You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion and the time.

PET. Marry, and did ; but if you be remember'd,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

---

82 *custard-coffin*] "Coffin" was the usual term for the paste covering a "custard," a word usually then applied to the contents of a meat or fruit pie. Cf. *Tit. Andr.*, V, ii, 189 : "And of the paste a *coffin* I will make."

87 *masquing stuff*] dress fitted for a masquerade.

88 *demi-cannon*] a large gun, of about six and one-half inches' bore.

91 *censer*] A brazier or fire-pan, in which sweet herbs were kept burning in a barber's shop. The cover was liberally perforated.

SCENE III THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, sir :  
I'll none of it : hence ! make your best of it. 100

KATH. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :  
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

PET. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee.

TAL. She says your worship means to make a puppet  
of her.

PET. O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest, thou  
thread, thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail !  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou !  
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread ? 110  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest !  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAL. Your worship is deceived ; the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction :  
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRU. I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff.

TAL. But how did you desire it should be made ?

GRU. Marry, sir, with needle and thread. 120

TAL. But did you not request to have it cut ?

GRU. Thou hast faced many things.

TAL. I have.

---

122 *faced*] trimmed with facings ; with the quibbling implication of  
"confronted impudently" or "defied."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

GRU. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

TAI. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

PET. Read it.

GRU. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so. 130

TAI. [*reads*] "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:"

GRU. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

PET. Proceed.

TAI. [*reads*] "With a small compassed cape:"

GRU. I confess the cape.

TAI. [*reads*] "With a trunk sleeve:"

GRU. I confess two sleeves.

TAI. [*reads*] "The sleeves curiously cut." 140

PET. Ay, there's the villany.

GRU. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAI. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

GRU. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

136 *compassed*] circular. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, I, ii, 106: "the *compassed* window," *i. e.* circular, bow window.

148 *take . . . bill*] a quibble on the two senses of the word, *i. e.* a tradesman's account and a foot-soldier's weapon.



SCENE III THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

HOR. God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds. 150

PET. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRU. You are i' the right, sir : 't is for my mistress.

PET. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

GRU. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use !

PET. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

GRU. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for :  
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !  
O, fie, fie, fie !

PET. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. 160  
[*Aside.*]

Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

HOR. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow :  
Take no unkindness of his hasty words :

Away ! I say ; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*]

PET. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your  
father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments :

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich ;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit. 170

What is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

---

170 *peereth*] appeareth.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture and mean array.  
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me ;  
And therefore frolic : we will hence forthwith,  
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.  
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ; 180  
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end ;  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.  
Let 's see ; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,  
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

KATH. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two ;  
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

PET. It shall be seven ere I go to horse :  
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
You are still crossing it.  Sirs, let 't alone :  
I will not go to-day ; and ere I do, 190  
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

HOR. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — PADUA

*BEFORE BAPTISTA'S HOUSE*

*Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO*

TRA. Sir, this is the house : please it you that I call ?

PED. Ay, what else ? and but I be deceived

---

181 *Long-lane end*] a reference to the still existing London thoroughfare of Long Lane running from Smithfield to Aldersgate Street.

2 *Ay, what else ? . . . deceived*] Why, certainly ! and unless I am deceived.

SCENE IV THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

Signior Baptista may remember me,  
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,  
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

TRA. 'T is well ; and hold your own, in any case,  
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

PED. I warrant you.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

But, sir, here comes your boy ;  
'T were good he were school'd.

TRA. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, 10  
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you :  
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

BION. Tut, fear not me.

TRA. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

BION. I told him that your father was at Venice ;  
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

TRA. Thou 'rt a tall fellow : hold thee that to drink.  
Here comes Baptista : set your countenance, sir.

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of : 20  
I pray you, stand good father to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

PED. Soft, son !

---

5 *Pegasus*] There was an inn bearing the sign of the Pegasus in Cheapside. Cf. *The Returne from Parnassus* (1606) : "Meet me an hour hence at the sign of the *Pegasus* in Cheapside."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself :  
And, for the good report I hear of you,  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
And she to him, to stay him not too long, 30  
I am content, in a good father's care,  
To have him match'd ; and, if you please to like  
No worse than I, upon some agreement  
Me shall you find ready and willing  
With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;  
For curious I cannot be with you,  
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

BAP. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :  
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.  
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40  
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :  
And therefore, if you say no more than this,  
That like a father you will deal with him,  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,  
The match is made, and all is done :  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRA. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best  
We be affied and such assurance ta'en  
As shall with either part's agreement stand ? 50

---

45 *pass*] make conveyance. Cf. *supra*, IV, ii, 117, and *infra*, 89.

"Pass" is again used in the somewhat less technical sense of  
"transact," *infra*, line 57 : "We'll *pass* the business."

SCENE IV THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

BAP. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :  
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still ;  
And happily we might be interrupted.

TRA. Then at my lodging, an it like you :  
There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,  
We'll pass the business privately and well.  
Send for your daughter by your servant here ;  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 60  
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

BAP. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home,  
And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;  
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,  
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,  
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

BION. I pray the gods she may with all my heart !

TRA. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.  
[Exit Bion.]

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?  
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer : 70  
Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

BAP. I follow you.  
[Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.]

*Re-enter BIONDELLO*

BION. Cambio.

LUC. What sayest thou, Biondello ?

BION. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you ?

LUC. Biondello, what of that ?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

BION. Faith, nothing ; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

LUC. I pray thee, moralize them.

BION. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the 80 deceiving father of a deceitful son.

LUC. And what of him ?

BION. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

LUC. And then ?

BION. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

LUC. And what of all this ?

BION. I cannot tell ; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance : take you assurance of her, " cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum : " to the church ; take 90 the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses : If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

LUC. Hearest thou, Biondello ?

BION. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit ; and so may you, sir : and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.

LUC. I may, and will, if she be so contented : 100

---

89 *assurance*] See note on IV, ii, 117, *supra*.

90 *cum privilegio, etc.*] These words were usually inserted in books of which printers had secured, under letters patent, sole copyright.

SCENE V THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

She will be pleased ; then wherefore should I doubt ?  
Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her :  
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [Exit.

SCENE V — A PUBLIC ROAD

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO *and* Servants

PET. Come on, i' God's name ; once more toward our  
father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon !

KATH. The moon ! the sun : it is not moonlight now.

PET. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATH. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PET. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd ; nothing but cross'd ! 10

HOR. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATH. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :

An if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PET. I say it is the moon.

KATH. I know it is the moon.

PET. Nay, then you lie : it is the blessed sun.

---

102 *I'll roundly . . . her*] I'll be blunt or outspoken with her. See  
note on I, ii, 57, *supra*.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

KATH. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun :  
But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;  
And the moon changes even as your mind. 20  
What you will have it named, even that it is ;  
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

HOR. Petruccio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

PET. Well, forward, forward ! thus the bowl should  
run,  
And not unluckily against the bias.  
But, soft ! company is coming here.

*Enter* VINCENTIO

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress : where  
away ?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks ! 30  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.  
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

---

25 *against the bias*] contrary to tendency or propensity, a technical  
term in the game of bowls. Cf. *Rich. II*, III, iv, 5: "My  
fortune runs *against the bias*."

30 *Such . . . cheeks*] Cf. *Lucrece*, 71: "This silent *war of lilies and of  
roses*."

31-32 *What stars . . . face*] Cf. *Sonnet cxxxii*, 7-9 :

"Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face."



SCENE V THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

HOR. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman  
of him.

KATH. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and  
sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode ?  
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;  
Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow ! 40

PET. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope thou art not  
mad :

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATH. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,  
That every thing I look on seemeth green :  
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father ;  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PET. Do, good old grandsire ; and withal make known  
Which way thou travellest : if along with us, 50  
We shall be joyful of thy company.

VIN. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,  
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,  
My name is call'd Vincentio ; my dwelling Pisa ;  
And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit  
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PET. What is his name ?

VIN. Lucentio, gentle sir.

PET. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.  
And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
I may entitle thee my loving father : 60

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT IV

---

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;  
Beside, so qualified as may beseem  
The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,  
And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

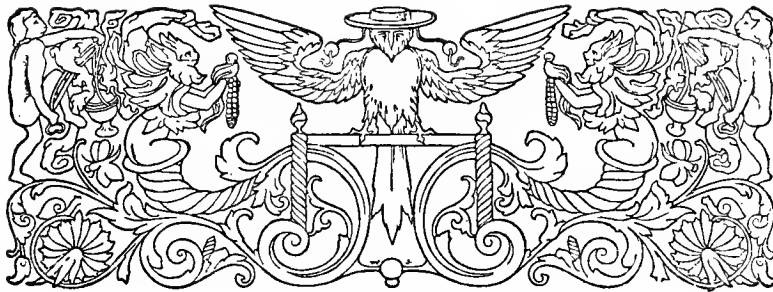
VIN. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure, 70  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?

HOR. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PET. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

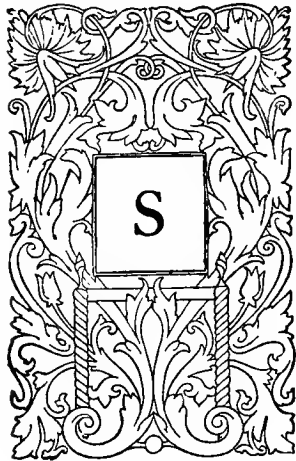
*[Exeunt all but Hortensio.]*

HOR. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.  
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. *[Exit.]*



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — PADUA  
BEFORE LUCENTIO'S HOUSE

GREMIO *discovered.* Enter behind BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA BIONDELLO



SOFTLY AND SWIFTLY,  
sir ; for the priest is ready.

LUC. I fly, Biondello : but  
they may chance to need thee  
at home ; therefore leave us.

BION. Nay, faith, I'll see the  
church o' your back ; and then  
come back to my master's as  
soon as I can.

*[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca,  
and Biondello.]*

GRE. I marvel Cambio comes  
not all this while.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, with  
Attendants*

PET. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house :  
My father's bears more toward the market-place ;  
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT V

---

VIN. You shall not choose but drink before you go : 10  
I think I shall command your welcome here,  
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*]

GRE. They're busy within; you were best knock  
louder.

*Pedant looks out of the window*

PED. What's he that knocks as he would beat down  
the gate?

VIN. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

PED. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

VIN. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or  
two, to make merry withal?

PED. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself : he shall 20  
need none, so long as I live.

PET. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in  
Padua. Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous cir-  
cumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that  
his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to  
speak with him.

PED. Thou liest : his father has come from Padua,  
and here looking out at the window.

VIN. Art thou his father?

PED. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe  
her.

PET. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, 30  
this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's  
name.

PED. Lay hands on the villain : I believe a' means to  
cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

---

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO

BION. I have seen them in the church together : God send 'em good shipping ! But who is here ? mine old master Vincentio ! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

VIN. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

BION. I hope I may choose, sir.

VIN. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you for- 40  
got me ?

BION. Forgot you ! no, sir : I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VIN. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio ?

BION. What, my old worshipful old master ? yes, marry, sir : see where he looks out of the window.

VIN. Is 't so, indeed ? [*Beats Biondello.*]

BION. Help, help, help ! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.* 50]

PED. Help, son ! help, Signior Baptista !

[*Exit from above.*]

PET. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

*Re-enter* Pedant below ; TRANIO, BAPTISTA, and Servants

TRA. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant ?

VIN. What am I, sir ! nay, what are you, sir ? O immortal gods ! O fine villain ! A silken doublet ! a

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT V

velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRA. How now! what's the matter? 60

BAP. What, is the man lunatic?

TRA. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VIN. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

BAP. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

VIN. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have 70 brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

PED. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

VIN. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

TRA. Call forth an officer. 80

---

57 *copatain hat*] a hat with a high crown in the form of a sugar-loaf.

The word "copatain" is not met in this form elsewhere. It seems a variant of "copintank" or "copentank," of unknown derivation," which is found in a like sense in 16th century English.

SCENE I THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

*Enter one with an Officer*

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VIN. Carry me to the gaol !

GRE. Stay, officer : he shall not go to prison.

BAP. Talk not, Signior Gremio : I say he shall go to prison.

GRE. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business : I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

PED. Swear, if thou darest.

90

GRE. Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRA. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GRE. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAP. Away with the dotard ! to the gaol with him !

VIN. Thus strangers may be haled and abused :  
O monstrous villain !

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA*

BION. O, we are spoiled ! and — yonder he is : deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

LUC. Pardon, sweet father. *[Kneeling.]*

VIN. Lives my sweet son ?

*[Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.]*

BIAN. Pardon, dear father.

BAP. How hast thou offended ? 100

Where is Lucentio ?

LUC. Here 's Lucentio,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT V

---

Right son to the right Vincentio ;  
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,  
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

GRE. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us  
all !

VIN. Where is that damned villain Tranio,  
That faced and braved me in this matter so ?

BAP. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio ?

BIAN. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUC. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love 110  
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,  
While he did bear my countenance in the town ;  
And happily I have arrived at the last  
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.  
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to ;  
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VIN. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent  
me to the gaol.

BAP. But do you hear, sir ? have you married my  
daughter without asking my good will ? 120

VIN. Fear not, Baptista ; we will content you, go to :  
but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*]

BAP. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*]

---

104 *counterfeit supposes*] false assumptions or suppositions. Florio in his *Italian-Engl. Dict.* interprets the Italian noun "supposito" as "a suppose or thing supposed." George Gascoigne translated Ariosto's play of *Gli Suppositi* under the name of *The Supposes*.

105 *Here's packing, with a witness*] Here's a gross piece of plotting, of a surety ; here's trickery, beyond all question.



SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

LUC. Look not pale, Bianca ; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

GRE. My cake is dough : but I'll in among the rest ;

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

KATH. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

PET. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATH. What, in the midst of the street ?

PET. What, art thou ashamed of me ? 130

KATH. No, sir, God forbid ; but ashamed to kiss.

PET. Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiss : now pray thee, love, stay.

PET. Is not this well ? Come, my sweet Kate : Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — PADUA

LUCENTIO'S HOUSE

*Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO : the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.*

LUC. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree :  
And time it is, when raging war is done,

---

125 *My cake is dough*] It's all up with me. This proverbial expression of discomfiture has already figured, I, i, 108, *supra*.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT V

---

To smile at scapes and perils overblown.  
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.  
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,  
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,  
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house :  
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,  
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down ; 10  
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.  
PET. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !  
BAP. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.  
PET. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.  
HOR. For both our sakes, I would that word were  
true.  
PET. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.  
WID. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.  
PET. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my  
sense :  
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.  
WID. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20  
PET. Roundly replied.  
KATH. Mistress, how mean you that ?

---

9 *banquet*] In Shakespeare's day this word was largely restricted to after-dinner dessert or a slight repast between meals. Cf. "a running *banquet*" (*i. e.* a hasty refreshment), *Hen. VIII*, I, iv, 12. The word was not wholly confined to the sense of a sumptuous feast till the 18th century.

16-17 *fears . . . afeard*] The widow understands Petruchio to use the word "fears" in the causative sense of "frightens," instead of in the normal passive sense of "dread."

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

WID. Thus I conceive by him.

PET. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

HOR. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

PET. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

KATH. "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:"

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

WID. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,  
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning. 30

KATH. A very mean meaning.

WID. Right, I mean you.

KATH. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

PET. To her, Kate!

HOR. To her, widow!

PET. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HOR. That's my office.

PET. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

BAP. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GRE. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIAN. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body 40  
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

VIN. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

BIAN. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep  
again.

---

28 *shrew*] "shrew" here rhymes with "woe." See note on IV, i, 194,  
*supra*, and 188, *infra*.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT V

---

PET. Nay, that you shall not : since you have begun,  
Have at you for a bitter jest or two !

BIAN. Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my bush ;  
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.  
You are welcome all. [*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*]

PET. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,  
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not ; 50  
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

TRA. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,  
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

PET. A good swift simile, but something currish.

TRA. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself :  
'T is thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAP. O ho, Petruchio ! Tranio hits you now.

LUC. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

HOR. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here ?

PET. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess ; 60  
And, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

BAP. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

PET. Well, I say no : and therefore for assurance  
Let's each one send unto his wife ;  
And he whose wife is most obedient,  
To come at first when he doth send for her,  
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

---

63 *in good sadness*] in sober earnest. The common phrase is met with  
in *All's Well*, IV, iii, 230, and twice in *Merry Wives*, III, v, 109, and  
IV, ii, 79.

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

HOR. Content. What is the wager?  
LUC. Twenty crowns. 70  
PET. Twenty crowns!  
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.  
LUC. A hundred then.  
HOR. Content.  
PET. A match! 't is done.  
HOR. Who shall begin?  
LUC. That will I.  
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.  
BION. I go. [Exit.  
BAP. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.  
LUC. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO*

How now! what news?  
BION. Sir, my mistress sends you word 80  
That she is busy, and she cannot come.  
PET. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!  
Is that an answer?  
GRE. Ay, and a kind one too:  
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.  
PET. I hope, better.  
HOR. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello.  
PET. O, ho! entreat her!  
Nay, then she must needs come.  
HOR. I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT V

---

*Re-enter BIONDELLO*

Now, where's my wife?

90

BION. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

PET. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile, intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me. *[Exit Grumio.]*

HOR. I know her answer.

PET. What?

HOR. She will not.

PET. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

BAP. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

*Re-enter KATHARINA*

KATH. What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100

PET. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATH. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

PET. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come, Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

*[Exit Katharina.]*

LUC. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HOR. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

PET. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy? 110

SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

BAP. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio !  
The wager thou hast won ; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is changed, as she had never been.

PET. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.  
See where she comes and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

120

*Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow*

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not :  
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

WID. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

BIAN. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this ?

LUC. I would your duty were as foolish too :  
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

BIAN. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

PET. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong  
women

130

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WID. Come, come, you're mocking : we will have no  
telling.

PET. Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.

WID. She shall not.

PET. I say she shall : and first begin with her.

[ 119 ]

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT V

---

KATH. Fie, fie ! unknit that threatening unkind brow ;  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :  
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,  
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,      140  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.  
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance commits his body  
To painful labour both by sea and land,  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,      150  
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
But love, fair looks and true obedience ;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;  
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?      160  
I am ashamed that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,



SCENE II THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

---

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 170  
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown;  
 But now I see our lances are but straws,  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
 That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.  
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
 In token of which duty, if he please,  
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

PET. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me,  
 Kate. 180

LUC. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt  
 ha't.

VIN. 'T is a good hearing, when children are toward.

LUC. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

PET. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;

[*To Lucentio.*]

---

167 *soft conditions*] gentle qualities (of mind).

176 *vail your stomachs*] abate your pride. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, I, i, 129:

"The bloody Douglas . . . 'Gan vail his stomach."

*it is no boot*] there is no advantage.

185 *you two are sped*] you two are undone, done for.

186 *hit the white*] hit the bull's eye, with a play on Bianca's name,  
 which is the Italian word for "white."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ACT V

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And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*]

HOR. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst  
shrew.

LUC. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed  
so. [Exeunt.]

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188 *shrew*] pronounced to rhyme with "so." Cf. note on IV, i, 194,  
and line 28, *supra*.





















